HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. II.—No. 68.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858. [Price Five Cents.

CONTENTS.

I. The late Hon. Thomas H. Benton, with Portrait.
II. Editorials.
III. The Lounger.
IV. Hope and Disappointment, two beautiful Illustrations.
V. The Christian Missionary Martyr in the Nineteenth Century, with two Illustrations.
VI. Literary.
VII. Domestic Intelligence.
VIII. Foreign News.
IX. Spring in City and Country, with two splendid Illustrations.
X. Leaves.
XI. Anaïk Timor, the Sorceress.
XII. The Musical Review.
XIII. Bulwer's "What will he do with it?"—*Continued.*
XIV. The Great Paris Sewers, with three Illustrations.
XV. Miscellany.
XVI. Things Wise and Otherwise.
XVII. Market and Financial Reports.
XVIII. Comicalities.

THE LATE HON. THOMAS H. BENTON.

The portrait which accompanies these lines will recall to many thousands of our readers the well-known features of one of the patriarchs of American politics—almost the last survivor of that circle of great men who shed lustre upon the country in the days of Jackson—Thomas Hart Benton, for thirty years United States Senator from the State of Missouri, who died at Washington on Saturday, April 10th, of cancer in the stomach.

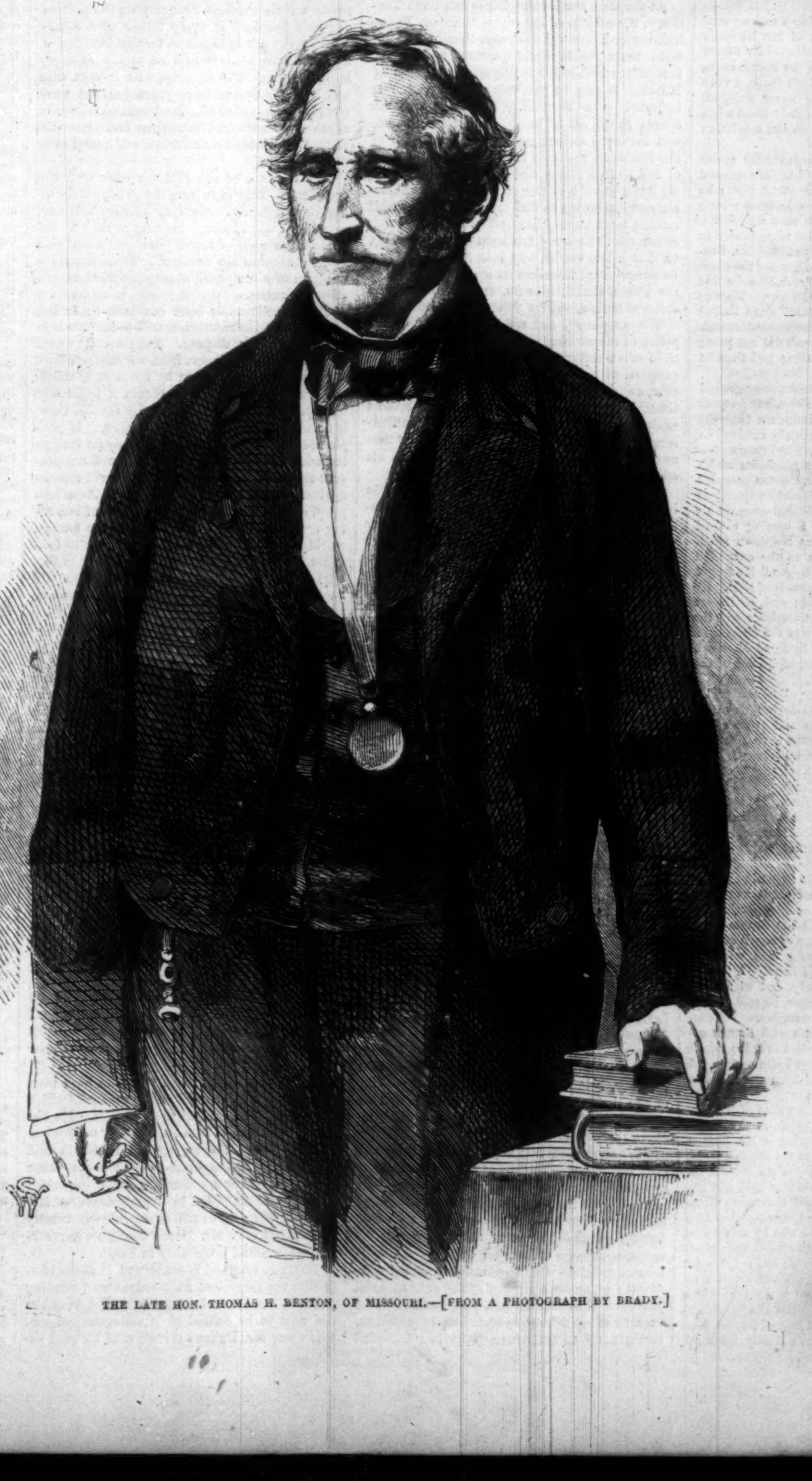
Mr. Benton was born at Hillsborough, Orange County, North Carolina, on March 14, 1782, and was therefore seventy-six years of age at the time of his death. We are told that his father died when he was quite young; that his education was not as carefully watched over as might have been wished; that he removed when a mere boy to the wilds of the young State of Tennessee, and helped his mother establish herself on a tract of land which she had obtained from her husband. Under whatever disadvantages he may have labored, his progress at the profession which he chose on reaching manhood—the bar—was unusually rapid. Andrew Jackson was at that time the leading man of Tennessee; he was pleased with young Benton, sought his friendship, and gave him his powerful assistance in fighting his way in the world. When the war with England broke out, Benton gladly accepted the post of aid-de-camp to Jackson, and rendered him substantial service. Unhappily, before the war was over, the two friends quarreled, and, according to the ferocious custom of the age in that locality, vented their mutual wrath in a fierce street fray, in which each was aided by a posse of seconds. Years elapsed before the bitter feelings engendered by this conflict passed away from the minds of the combatants; but they did pass away at last, and General Jackson had no stronger or abler friend during his Presidency than the man whom he had fought with pistol and dagger in the streets of Nashville.

Toward the close of the war, Colonel Benton was commissioned by the War Department as Lieutenant-Colonel in the Regular army. Peace having been declared, however, before he reached the theatre of war, he resigned his commission, and settled at St. Louis. There he devoted his time to the practice of law and the editorship of a paper called the *Missouri Argus*. When the territory became a State, and was admitted into the Union, Colonel Benton took his seat as one of the Senators from Missouri—a post he filled continuously for nearly thirty years. It will be remembered that the admission of Missouri was attended by almost as much difficulty as the more recent admissions of California and Kansas; Colonel Benton and his colleague were kept waiting a year after their election. It is understood that he made good use of the time in acquiring a knowledge of foreign languages, and mapping out that prodigious course of study which he pursued throughout his life, and which rendered him the best-read man in the Senate.

His first labors in the Senate were directed to the encouragement of the settlement of the public lands, by favoring a reduction in their cost, by facilitating pre-emptions to actual settlers, and by urging forward the opening up of the wilderness by means of roads. Nearly forty years ago he took strong ground in favor of the necessity of explorations for a road from the Mississippi to the Pacific; using, in support of his views, the very arguments which are urged to-day in support of the Pacific Railroad. Throughout his career he has been a consistent advocate of liberal expenditures for the discovery of the best line for such a road; most of the explorations which have been made—among others that of Colonel Frémont—were planned by him.

Soon after General Jackson's inauguration the war between the Government and the United States Bank commenced. The leading athletes of the Senate took ground against the President; and that body so far sympathized with the great financial institution as to pass resolutions censuring the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank as a high-handed measure, "in derogation of the Constitution of the United States." Upon the side of the Administration Colonel Benton soon rose to the first place. His logical mind, ample stores of information, and undaunted courage, fitted him to be a parliamentary leader; and throughout the long and bitter struggle which commenced with the removal of the deposits from the United States Bank and ended with the revulsion of 1837, Colonel Benton led the Administration party in the Senate. Every one who is familiar with history will remember the extraordinary asperity of the conflicts of those memorable years—1833–'37. In all those conflicts Thomas H. Benton bore a conspicuous part. He had the peculiar satisfaction, after four years of incessant warfare, of seeing the triumph of his party in the Senate, and the reversal of the sentence which had been pronounced on General Jackson at the commencement of the war. The resolutions which censured the President for the removal of the deposits were formally expunged. Colonel Benton has so vividly described the last night's debate on the question, that the passage is worth quoting:

"Midnight was now approaching. The dense masses which filled every room in the lobbies and the galleries remained immovable. No one went out—no one could get in. The floor of the Senate was crammed with privileged persons, and it seemed that all Congress was there. Expectation and determination to see the conclusion was depicted on every countenance. It was evident there was to be no adjournment until the vote should be taken—until the deed was done; and this aspect of invincible determination had its effect upon the ranks of the opposition. They began to falter under a useless persistence, for they alone now did the speaking; and while Mr. Webster was yet reciting his protest, two Senators from the opposite side, who had been best able to maintain their equanimity, came round to Mr. Benton, and said, 'This question has degenerated into a trial of nerves and muscles. It has become a question of physical endurance; and we see no use in wearing ourselves out to keep off for a few hours longer what has to come before we separate. We see that you are able and determined to carry your measure, so call the vote as soon as you please. We shall say no more.' Mr. Webster concluded. No one rose. There was a pause—a dead silence—and an intense feeling. Presently the silence was invaded by the single word 'Question'—the parliamentary call for a vote—rising from the seats of different Senators. One blank in the resolve remained to be filled—the date of its adoption. It was done. The acting President of the Senate, Mr. King, of Alabama, then directed the roll to be called. The passage of the resolution was announced from the chair. Mr. Benton rose and said that nothing remained but to execute the order of the Senate, which he moved be done forthwith. It was ordered accordingly. The Secretary thereupon produced the original manuscript journal of the Senate, and opening at the page which contained the condemnatory sentence of March 28, 1834, proceeded in open Senate to draw a square of broad black lines around the sentence, and to write across its face in strong letters these words: 'Expunged, by order of the Senate, this 16th day of March, 1837.' Up to this moment the crowd in the great circular gallery, looking down upon the Senate, though sullen and menacing in their looks, had made no manifestation of feeling; and it was, doubtless, not the intention of Mr. Webster to excite that manifestation when he referred to their numbers, and expressed his ignorance of the feeling with which they would see the deed done which he so much deprecated. Doubtless no one intended to excite that crowd, mainly composed, as usual since the bank question began, of friends of that institution; but its appearance became such that Senator Linn, the colleague of Senator Benton, Mr. George W. Jones, since Senator from Iowa, and



THE LATE HON. THOMAS H. BENTON, OF MISSOURI.—[From a Photograph by Brady.]

others, sent out and brought in arms; other friends gathered about him, among them Mrs. Benton, who, remembering what had happened to General Jackson, and knowing that, after him, her husband was most obnoxious to the bank party, had her anxiety sufficiently excited to wish to be near him in this concluding scene of a seven years' contest with that great moneyed power. Things were in this state when the Secretary of the Senate began to perform the expunging process on the manuscript journal. Instantly a storm of hisses, groans, and vociferations arose from the left wing of the circular gallery, over the head of Senator Benton. The presiding officer promptly gave the order which the rules prescribe in such cases, to clear the gallery. Mr. Benton opposed the order, saying:

"'I hope the galleries will not be cleared, as many innocent persons will be excluded who have been guilty of no violation of order. Let the ruffians who have made the disturbance alone be punished; let them be apprehended. I hope the Sergeant-at-arms will be directed to enter the gallery and seize the ruffians; ascertaining who they are in the best way he can. Let him apprehend them and bring them to the bar of the Senate. Let him seize the bank-ruffians. I hope that they will not now be suffered to insult the Senate, as they did when it was under the power of the Bank of the United States, when ruffians, with arms upon them, insulted us with impunity. Let them be taken and brought to the bar of the Senate. Here is one just above me that may easily be identified.'"

His motion was agreed to. The order to clear the galleries was revoked; the order to seize the disturbers was given, and immediately executed by the energetic Sergeant-at-arms, Mr. John Shackford, and his assistants. The ringleader was seized and brought to the bar. This sudden example intimidated the rest, and the expunging process was performed in quiet. The whole scene was impressive.

This great victory, achieved after a seven years' war, was the culminating point of Mr. Benton's fame and power. Though he continued for fifteen years to occupy a leading post in the public councils—though he was, to the day of his death, a very prominent public character—he never enjoyed, since 1837, the crowning rank which he filled when he defeated the "bank ruffians" on the resolution to expunge.

Under General Harrison, and generally under Captain Tyler, he was in opposition. He opposed the Tariff of 1842, and opposed the Bank Bills; he was for a hard-money currency exclusively; for a sub-treasury; against every measure which Mr. Clay advocated, as the Administration leader in the Senate. When Mr. Polk was elected Mr. Benton's influence returned. As Chairman of the Committee of the Senate on Military Affairs he had much to do with the conduct of the war. He was even appointed Commander-in-Chief of the United States Forces, with the rank of Lieutenant-General, but the bill raising him to that rank did not pass; he was not confirmed by the Senate; and thus he never left Washington.

During the Oregon dispute he took strong ground against the prevailing notion, "Fifty-four forty or fight." It was mainly to his influence that the Government and the people ultimately resolved to be content with the line forty-nine and peace.

With the first of the Slavery questions which grew out of the Mexican war Mr. Benton grappled with his usual ardor; and his violent antipathy to Mr. Calhoun exercising no slight influence on his judgment, he began to show a leaning toward what has since become known as Northern sentiment. He fought Mr. Calhoun on the extension of the Missouri Compromise to Oregon. He fought Mr. Clay on the compromise measures of 1850. He fought the Kansas-Nebraska Bill; and, still more lately, he fought the Dred Scott Decision and the Lecompton Constitution. He was the founder of the Benton Democracy of the State of Missouri, whose cardinal doctrine is the emancipation of the slaves.

This departure from the policy of the party with which Colonel Benton had acted during his career in the Senate was, no doubt, the real cause of his defeat when he sought a re-election to that body in 1851. He ran for Congress, and was elected. But on presenting himself anew, at the close of his term, he was defeated; and a like failure attended his effort to become Governor of Missouri. It is due to Mr. Benton's memory to say that he ran on these latter occasions against his inclinations, and solely in obedience to the earnest desires of his friends and old political associates.

The last years of his life were spent in arduous literary labor. He wrote a compendious review of the political history of the country during the thirty years which he spent in the Senate; and had commenced, when he died, a synopsis of Congressional debates. He literally died with the manuscript of this work in his hand. When he had lost his voice, and could only, and with great pain, utter words in a low whisper, he still continued to dictate sentences to his daughter. He contended against disease and death with Roman energy, and showed on his death-bed that the might and resolution which had rendered him so dreaded an opponent in the time of Jackson were nowise abated by age.

One who knew him well thus writes of his personal character:

"The tone, manner, and bearing of Mr. Benton in the Senate were not suited to the popular taste, nor adapted to win the partiality of the mass of his Senatorial brethren. His tone was bold and imperious, his manner precise, and somewhat dictatorial and dogmatical, and his bearing that of a giant among the pigmies. He was by many men considered a savage, egotistical, selfish, vain-glorious, and loquacious old aristocrat; and yet, in solid substance, his speeches, on great and small matters, will favorably compare with the best which any other man of our country has produced, and his real character, in fact, was that of a most practical Democrat. As the head of a family, husband, father, companion, and host, he was a model of affection, simplicity, and hospitality. Among his neighbors, no man could be more popular. Among his children and grandchildren, he was literally worshiped as their best friend, their teacher, their companion, and their guide. At his own table or by his own fireside, his genial spirit, his extensive readings, his great experience, and minute observation concerning men and things, and his wonderful memory, rendered his conversations positively charming, upon whatever subject they might turn. And upon the little trifles of everyday gossip he could talk by the hour, and give an essay upon a lady's bonnet and the changes of the fashions as readily as upon the treaty of Utrecht."

Colonel Benton married a daughter of Governor M'Dowell, of Virginia, a very accomplished lady, who died four years ago. He had four children, all daughters, who have married respectively Colonel Frémont, Mr. W. Carey Jones, Mr. Jacob, a Kentucky farmer, a M. Boileau, French Consul-General at Calcutta.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, April 17, 1858.

WILL THERE BE WAR IN UTAH?

As we intimated last week, the President has appointed civil Commissioners to accompany the Utah army—Governor Powell and Major M'Cullough. These gentlemen are instructed to endeavor to bring Brigham Young to reason before forcible measures are taken; and it is stated to be the opinion of Mr. Bernhisel, the Mormon delegate to Congress, that, had they been sent twelve months ago, the expense and trouble of the Utah expedition might have been spared.

At the time our latest advices left Utah Territory, the middle of February, Brigham Young had notified General Johnston that he and his force must vacate their quarters and betake themselves homeward to the States by 10th of March. It may be that this notice was merely intended as a bravado. The Mormons are adepts at the art of brag. But if the menace was intended seriously—if it be the design of the Mormons really to insist on the withdrawal of the United States troops from the Territory, we know enough of General Johnston's character and intentions to feel certain that a terrible conflict must already have taken place, and that either our little army has been severely cut up, or that it has cut its way into Salt Lake City. In either event it strikes us that the attitude of the Peace Commissioners, on arriving at the scene of action, will be somewhat ridiculous.

We expressed, last week, our views of the policy of dispatching civil Commissioners in the train of an army to act as advisers and schoolmasters to the general commanding. However, as the new commander of the Utah army, General Smith, seems to have made no protest against the appointment of Powell and M'Cullough, we presume he does not anticipate that any inconvenience will arise from it. It is his affair.

But, at any rate, the Administration seems to be in a pretty dilemma. If the Peace Commissioners settle the business without fighting, how will the President reconcile it to his conscience to have spent such an enormous sum on an unnecessary military expedition—the mere loss in cattle amounting to many hundreds of thousands of dollars, and every barrel of flour eaten by the army having cost the Government, it is said, one hundred dollars? And if the Mormons fight, how will Mr. Buchanan explain his only sending Peace Commissioners to the scene of action when the battle has been fought?

HINTS TO SENSIBLE PEOPLE.

Very few persons, outside of the foreign trading community, comprehend the whole importance of the statement which has been stereotyped in the papers latterly—that exchange on London has ranged from 107 to 108. It is, however, a fact of the highest moment to the entire community. Let us explain it in a sentence. The par of exchange between the United States and Great Britain is 109: that is to say, when bills on England can be bought here at 109, there is no current of money flowing either way. When we are debtors of England—as we usually are, England being the banker for France, Germany, South America, China, and almost all our foreign customers—exchange on London rules above par, at some rate between 109 and 110, or 111. When, on the contrary, we are not debtors but creditors of the foreign world, exchange on London falls below par, that is to say, below 109. The meaning, therefore, of the decline in foreign exchange is, that we are liquidating our foreign debt, and piling up abroad a balance in our favor.

This anomalous fact is partially explained by the Custom-house returns at this port, which, as every one knows, is the largest importing port in the United States. During the three months ending on March the 31st, our importations of foreign goods fell short of those of the corresponding months of last year by thirty-six millions of dollars. Our importations for the nine months which have elapsed of the current fiscal year—notwithstanding that they include three months of enormous speculation, importation, and general commercial activity last fall—fall short of those of the corresponding period of the former fiscal year by nearly thirty millions of dollars. In other words, assuming the operations of the past three months as the basis of calculation, the people of the United States are at the present time retrenching their consumption of foreign merchandise and manufactures to two-thirds of what they were before the late panic. The consequence of this we see in the fall of foreign exchange.

We are, in fact, at the present moment becoming creditors of the world at large. Whether we shall remain so depends upon the conduct of our people. Last fiscal year we sold to foreign countries, in round figures, three hundred and sixty-two millions of our produce, and took from them in exchange three hundred and sixty millions of produce and manufactures. If we had dispensed with one-third of these latter—as we are now doing—there would have been a balance not of two, but of one hundred and twenty-two millions of dollars in our favor, which we could have drawn at pleasure in specie.

It rests with the people of the United States to decide whether they will, or will not, become the bankers of the world. If they resolutely determine to curtail their consumption of foreign luxuries—to buy as few silks, laces, watches, jewelry, wines, foreign hardware, cottons, woolens, and linens, tea, coffee, sugar, and fruits, as absolute necessity requires—in a very few years New York will occupy the place now filled by London in the commercial community, and this will be the general bank of the trading world. Foreigners can not dispense with our cotton, corn, wool, and tobacco; we can do without a great portion of their manufactures. It only needs a little resolute economy on the part of our rich people. If every father of a family would make a rule to use no foreign luxuries of any kind, the battle would be won. If every lady would agree to dispense with foreign silks and laces for two or three years, half the work would be accomplished. If wine-drinkers would agree to do without Champagne and claret till 1862, there would be no need of self-denial after that date.

The solution of the problem rests with the consumers—that is to say, the great public of the United States. So long as they will buy, merchants will import. So long as they do import on the scale of recent years, we shall, as a nation, accumulate nothing. It is simply a question of a few years' abstinence from unnecessary luxuries.

The question has been confused by foolish endeavors of the manufacturers to involve it in the protectionist dispute. People who would gladly exclude foreigners from our markets have been led to support them by the selfish efforts of certain classes here to obtain a legislative monopoly of those markets. In reality, there is no need of any laws on the subject. If people are resolved to spend their money on foreign luxuries, all the laws in the world will not prevent them, and the balance of trade will remain against us; if, on the contrary, the American people at large realize the importance of becoming creditors, instead of debtors, of the foreign world, they will, without any laws, cease to consume more than is absolutely necessary of foreign merchandise, and the United States will rapidly become the mart, centre, and focus of the commercial world.

OUR FOREIGN MINISTERS.

It was well understood, when Mr. Buchanan was inaugurated, that notwithstanding the identity of political principle between him and his predecessor, the foreign representatives of the United States would all give place to new men. It was considered convenient that, in order to reward his supporters, the new President should have the patronage of the foreign appointments, just as completely as if he had succeeded a chief magistrate of a hostile party. There was a reason for this independent of the exigencies of party. It was notorious that Mr. Pierce's diplomatic service had been miserably inefficient. With the exception of Mr. Buchanan himself, none of Mr. Pierce's appointees seemed to have done any thing at all. Their performance had been confined to drawing their salary, and occasionally dining and wining Americans of adequate calibre. They had achieved no purpose whatever, so far as the national interests were concerned. It was therefore very justly argued that the nation would bear up bravely against their dismissal, and the appointment of new men in their stead.

Hitherto Mr. Buchanan seems to have been in no hurry to fill the diplomatic vacancies which the rule of rotation laid open to him. He has sent a new man to Prussia, another to Sweden, another to the Hague, several to South and Central America, and one or two others to other second-rate courts. But the most important missions are still filled by the appointees of Mr. Pierce. Mr. Dallas still represents the country in England, and Mr. Mason continues to entertain with genial hospitality in Paris.

So far as England is concerned, it seems likely that the important negotiations still pending between the United States and that kingdom are now to be settled at Washington; and in this view, Mr. Dallas's retention of his post becomes a matter of very secondary moment. But the case is very different with regard to France. According to Mr. Claiborne's report to the State Department, France lately took from us in a single year over fifty millions' worth of our produce, and we consumed no less than ninety-eight millions of French manufactures and wines. All this trade was carried on at a grievous disadvantage to us. Our produce paid exorbitant duties on entering France; the French manufactures which we consumed were taxed in favor of the French empire; and our ships were obliged to contribute their share toward the maintenance of Louis Napoleon in the shape of differential tolls. It should be the business, it would seem, of an active diplomatic agent to press upon the government of the French the policy of rectifying the unequal regulations under which our trade is carried on. If Mr. Mason has bestirred himself in the matter no evidence of his labors has transpired; and it is fair to assume either that he has failed in his purpose, or that he has made no endeavor to achieve any reform at all. In either case it would appear to be proper to give some one else an opportunity of attempting to do something.

Mr. Buchanan's administration is now so far advanced that but little advantage can be reaped by the retention of patronage. Let us have new ministers abroad at all the foreign courts, and perhaps the country may cease to consider the diplomatic service a dead loss.

THE LOUNGER.

THE FINE ARTS.

Pictures and music must have the place of honor again this week. So great an advent as that of Musard, and so important a fact as the opening of the Academy, are not to be dismissed with a solitary mention.

The weather graciously lends itself to every kind of festivity. Never was such a soft, sweet April. If the trees were only in leaf, and the plants in flower, it would pass as the ideal May of the poets—that kind season so "longed for, never seen," except in the cloud-land of music and poetry. The air is full not only of the songs of birds, but of lovely rumors. The operatic autocrat Lumley is described as fully resolved to come and conquer us. He will bring the Piccolomini, who is a young Italian noble lady, and who is said to act better than she sings. If, however, she be pretty in person and winning in manner, if she can sing archly or sweetly, and act like a lady, her success is sure. We are not very terrible critics. We are very capricious in our admiration of excellence in art, but never in our homage to an artist who has an aroma of nobility.

When the pretty Piccolomini arrives, the great question will be opened again for solution, whether we truly love the Opera, and whether it can be supported. No manager must hope to answer that question until he feels able to comprehend fashion. The Opera itself, as we have had it this winter, is really better than any where else in the world, except in London and Paris, and sometimes St. Petersburg—much better than the usual Opera in Italy and Germany. But the smaller cities in those countries have this advantage over us, that they do not begin every year with wondering whether they have the musical taste to support an Opera. After the question has been practically asked and answered a thousand times, they prefer some other inquiry.

The brotherly lovers upon the Delaware are engaged in replying to the same question. Last year they went freely to hear their special importation *La Traviata* Gazzaniga. This year they stay at home. Gazzaniga sings as sweetly, the house is as pretty, as ever. But hard times have made the people hard of hearing. The siren lures in vain; and pensive Philadelphia probably wonders why the Gazzaniga it built an Opera-house.

Here, however, there is no room for skepticism. Novelty follows novelty—attraction paralyzes attraction; and Napoleon Ullman is doing precisely what Barnum did when he engaged Jenny Lind; he is giving the best thing in the best way, and blowing his own trumpet with such a sonorous blast that the White Hills and the Alleghanies echo in reply. He conducts his enterprises as the great Jullien (whom he rather contemptuously insinuates to be a swell) conducted his orchestra. One heard the orchestra, but saw Jullien. So through Musard and Huguenots and Formes and La Grange, as through so much gauze drapery of various patterns, we behold Napoleon Ullman. What advertisements! what manifestoes! what cards! And who so surly as not to listen with satisfaction to the chink of rapidly-dropping dollars into the managerial box? If Ullmann mean Musard, Formes, Huguenots, and more of the same, who does not wave his hat, and, in the pauses of the trumpet, cry, "Hooray! hooray! bis, brayvo!"

PRACTICAL PIETY.

The minor movement of the spring season is over, and now the merry major resumes its dominance. Easter was as lovely as heart could wish. The streets were gayly crowded; the dresses hinted of coming sun; and that final flower and culmination of the long Lenten mortification, THE EASTER BONNET, was all that the soul of any lady's-maid could desire.

It is a beautiful bringing of religion into the daily business of life, this mingling of millinery and church festivals. Scarcely a belle in town who has bounded through the winter from ball to ball, but knows precisely when pensive Lent sets in—will tell you the very moment, like a prayer-book, when she will need ball-dresses no longer. Then having for six long weeks strewn her cheek with ashes (of roses), how truly she names the very Sunday which is consecrated by the great triumph of her faith, and which with all the ardor of a Christian soul she celebrates with a new bonnet. This may well be called practical piety.

The same thing is carried a little further, perhaps, in Florence, where, on Christmas-eve, at the church of the *Annunzeata*, the *beau monde* assembles—and does *not* dance.

A friend of the Lounger's sadly offended the loveliest of her sex by asking her if she took a lorgnette to church on Easter Sunday. She looked shocked and grieved and angry. But he replied, "My dearest Lucilla, you were just telling me how becoming Amanda's bonnet was, and Arethusa's, and what a pretty walking-dress Mrs. Plumlumly had, and what a darling ribbon and gloves to match your cousin Waspina had, and what she said about her Aunt Jumbo's Cashmere shawl, and I only thought how much more agreeable and convenient for you it would be to take a lorgnette and study these pretty things more carefully. A church is a large place, you know, and a glass diminishes the distance."

But Lucilla is obdurate. She says he makes fun of sacred things. And she adds, in proof of the probability of his doing so, that, on this very Easter Sunday, while she was getting ready for church, and wondering which bracelets to wear with her new dress, she heard Edward in the parlor whistling the hymn from the Huguenots!

A HERO.

Before this paragraph is printed it is possible that Colonel Benton will have finished his work in this world. But he does not shrink from pushing on until the last moment, and working so long as a ray of day is left. The last of the famous politicians of the epoch succeeding Jefferson and Madison, the contemporary of some of the most celebrated of our modern public men—of Jackson, of Clay, Webster, and Calhoun—he has been giving the latest years of his life to good service in the field in which he had always labored; and it will be said of him, hereafter, "Death found him armed at his post."

A man of great industry, and of great experience, and of vast political knowledge, he has never acknowledged defeat. He had a bold, bluff, Western genius; distinguished for prowess rather than penetration; a warm partisan; a brave debater; an indomitable politician; his tough tenacity of purpose in nothing more remarkable than in the fixed resolution with which, during the last few years, he has worked upon his "Thirty Years in the Senate," and his "Abridgment of the Debates in Congress." Twenty years ago it used to be said of him, that, in the summer vacation, he was always in Washington, stuffing himself at the Library of Congress.

If we must not call him a great man, he was a noted man, and of great influence in the history of our polities. And how much is forgotten and forgiven by the bedside of a man who dies bravely! Congress will soon be vocal with his eulogies; the newspapers will be full of his biography; forgotten chapters of political history will be opened; he will be overpraised and overblamed; he will no more stand and defend himself, his tall form towering with conscious eminence; but whoever recalls our public history of the last thirty years, as it rises before him, swaying, confused, and tumultuous, can not fail to see the fair waving locks of Benton floating on the strife, like Fingal, "advancing his spear, and raising his voice on high."

A TWELFTH NIGHT PICTURE.

With the opening of spring the National Academy opens the doors of its annual exhibition. Year after year, whatever chances and changes mark the current course of affairs, it spreads before our eyes the results of the year's study, and inspiration, and enthusiasm of the studios. During eleven months of the year the quiet activity of the artists is hidden beneath the more noisy life of the country, but it is sure to show its fruits in company with spring muslins and early violets.

The exhibition of this year is in the new building of the Academy in Tenth Street, where the Belmont and English pictures were shown. A Lounger is naturally a frequenter of such a place, and will have, from week to week, various observations to make upon the pictures. This week he wishes to speak of one only which has a peculiar, and will have a historical, interest.

On Twelfth Night of this year the Century Club, an association of gentlemen interested in art and literature, and whose foundation as a club is esthetic sympathy, and includes many of the notabilities in every profession in the city, inaugurated their new club-house with a festival appropriate to the season. A king, a queen, an almoner, heralds, jesters, pursuivants, and whatever else was proper for such a display, were all represented. The scene was the great hall, or drawing-room, of the club, the finest room of the kind in the city, and the performance was so picturesque, and pleasing, and successful, that the club resolved to perpetuate its memory.

Mr. Louis Long, the artist, who had been charged, with brother artists and friends, with the supervision of the decorations, had prepared a transparency—a kind of allegorical representation of the scene—which he was commissioned by the club to make the study of such a picture as he thought suitable for the commemoration. This work he has executed *con amore*, and it now hangs upon the Academy walls. It represents a Twelfth Night procession in all the fantastic and glittering array of the old festival moving through the court of a medieval castle. The king and queen are borne aloft, throned beneath a canopy. A white-bearded harper moves before, followed by chanting boys. A herald, with his trumpet, sounds the advance. The reverend almoner follows, and men at arms; and a throng of ladies, pages, attendants, and officials fill the perspective. In a gallery above are seated various spectators of the scene, and the whole effect is brilliant, animated, and unique.

But the peculiar interest of the picture lies in the fact that the faces are all portraits of various members of the club. The likenesses are even striking in many instances, and yet not such as to destroy the propriety of the work as an old-time pageant. In the gallery, a presiding genius of the scene, is the genial and benignant face of Gulian C. Verplanck, whose antiquarian lore and taste reveled in the original spectacle, and who has prepared a dainty little volume, privately published by and for the club, containing a history of the observance of the festival. He is surrounded by Cozzens, Leupp, Kensett, Hoppin, and Pierson, familiar and honored faces at the club; while below the eye alights first upon Bryant, "the harper hoar," striking his harp, while Sparrowgrass Cozzens blows his herald's trumpet in the corner. King Viele sits aloft beside the Queen, to whom every heart in her realm was gladly loyal throughout her reign. Jester Wainwright, Pursuivant Macdonough, Almoner Gourlie, Rossiter, Hicks, Daly, Appleton, Porter, and others, in quaint and curious guise, pass, familiar, by.

The picture is quite sure to attract attention, not only from this secret and personal cause, but from its own merits as a bright and cheerful reminiscence of the old revel. It will vary the delightful lines of "Portrait of a Gentleman," "Portrait of a Lady," which are so well remembered upon the brilliant walls of the Exhibition, and to the friends of the Century will be a lasting memorial of a happy evening and beautiful festival.

A UNIVERSITY.

Half of the public institutions in Europe, built with money drawn from the people, are called Royal and Imperial, so that it is often supposed only kings and emperors are likely to found galleries, colleges, parks, and museums. But already, in this country, we are showing the possibilities of democratic institutions even in the same directions.

The Astor Library, the Girard College, the Lowell Institute, the Lawrence School, and the Cooper Institute, are instances familiar and near at hand. And now it is announced that Mr. Charles M'Kicken, of Cincinnati, has bequeathed a million of dollars to that city to establish a free university, educational and charitable. "All branches to be taught free, and orphans from the age of five to fourteen are to be supported out of the endowment—those who are capable, to be thoroughly educated, and the rest to be taught trades or whatever may seem to be most useful."

Nothing, at this time and in this country, is such a monument—not of munificence, for any rich man may be generous, but of good sense—as a perfectly popular University. That is to say, a University in which the ablest body of professors, in various departments, shall carry the student as far as he can be carried at any institution in the world. Our colleges at present are high schools conducted upon a monkish plan. Scholastic traditions are almost tougher than any other; and with a literature richer and more various than any other in the world, a distinct professorship of the English language and literature is almost a luxury in our colleges. There is a Greek professor—and a Latin—and a Modern Languages—but the Professor of Logic, or Philosophy, or Rhetoric, is usually charged with the duties of informing the pupils that there is such a thing as English Literature. Consequently, there are plenty of men who have read Cicero but who never read Chaucer; plenty who have stuttered and stumbled through Virgil and Homer—through Euripides and Terence—to whom Spenser, and Milton, and the great English drama are, practically, unknown.

This is only a detail in illustration. What we want is a University *after* the College—an arena in which, after the boy and girl have been drilled in habits of study, they may apply those habits to the branches in which they are really interested, and for which they have a natural aptitude. The College might begin at ten, and at sixteen, or thereabout, the pupil be ready for the University.

Then this University should be amply endowed, and entirely free to the whole world. The secured salaries of the professorships should be such as to tempt the most learned and accomplished scholars to fill the chairs; the libraries, and museums, and laboratories should enable us to dispense with Europe; and while the profoundest and most eloquent men, in every department, lectured to audiences who came for the love of learning, learning would again make cities famous, and the traditions of Salerno and Bologna, of Salamanca and Pisa, be more than verified.

—"First: catch your hare!" First, find your Charles M'Kicken or your Peter Cooper, and then—hare, number two—find your plan by which you can always get the best men in each chair. What committee or *ex officio* board of trustees, or what possible regulation would prevent a noodle being cliqued into any elective situation? There is the rub—but then that is the infirmity of humanity.

Here, in New York, the great building of the Cooper Institute is about completed—the noble purpose of its founder seems to be upon the point of commencing its career—but what is that career to be? What kind of college or school are we to have?

Within its resources, might it not be something such as we have indicated? It can not cope, in amplitude of endowment, with Columbia College, but is there any reason why students should not be quite as well instructed in such departments as may be established as they are in that or any other college? And where, by reason of intermediate fees and a hundred details, a Columbia professor lectures to forty or fifty, might not a Cooper professor lecture to four or five hundred? If nothing more in the way of instruction is possible, might not free lectureships only be founded, as in the Lowell Institute in Boston?

In fact, the "might nots" are so many that we may as well wait and see what may be and is. But, meanwhile, remember the name of Charles M'Kicken.

A WOMAN.

Among the brilliant instances of women's heroism the recent conduct of Mrs. Baker, wife of the jailer of the Watertown prison, in this State, may well be counted.

A prisoner feigned to be ill, and sent a confederate, at two in the morning, to rouse Mr. Baker. He came into the cell, and, while attending the false patient, he was knocked down by the accomplices and locked into the cell. The prisoners then rolled up their effects, and prepared to depart. But Mrs. Baker had heard the noise, comprehended the case, and placed herself at the door of the outer hall, with a revolver in hand, and its six small round mouths commanding, through the opening in the door, the entire passage, along which the convicts were coming.

"Advance one step farther, and you die!" said the firm, delicate voice of the wife.

The prisoners were appalled, but laughed, and jeered, and threatened, and did not come on, but consulted together what to do. They then told Mrs. Baker to take her choice—either to see her husband's brains knocked out, or retire. She did not quail, but stood firmly, repeating her warning, until a messenger whom she had dispatched for help returned with a party of men, who relieved her from her post, drove back the prisoners, and rescued the jailer from his perilous position.

This was the nerve of Joan of Arc, of the Maid of Saragossa, of Grace Darling, and of Mrs. Patten, and of all the noted women whose names rise to enthusiastic mention upon the popular lip.

BEFORE THE BETROTHAL.

As when the impatient traveler
  Pauses to watch the lowering skies,
The storm-clouds drifting here and there,
  Resolved, yet unresolved, and says,

"It will be fair; now will I go!
  Ah! no, not yet; the rain's not o'er!"
And looks, till, in the radiant bow,
  God weds the sunshine with the shower.

So thou, my sweet, reluctant one,
  Dost long to go and yet to stay;
Fearing that clouds may hide the sun—
  That dangers will beset the way.

Then weep, my love—'tis not in vain—
  Yet lay aside thy timid fears;
The brightest days have sun and rain,
  The perfect love brings smiles and tears.

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—An Errand Boy, in Baltimore, sends the Lounger a poem describing his life and that of all other errand boys. It is too long to print, but it is really interesting, and even picturesque. It reads like the earliest, simplest popular rhymes:

"Early in the morn I rise,
Before light has decked the skies;
Put on my clothes—comb my hair—
Grope my way down the stair—
Open the cupboard for something to eat—
Find a piece of bread or meat;
Cram it in haste down my throat;
Put on my hat and button my coat;
Then—with footsteps rapid, fleet—
Quick I hurry in the street.

* * * * * * *

When the servant comes, rubbing her eyes,
And yawning as she hands the keys;
I grasp them, and, as quick as before,
Away, away, I haste to the store;
I reach it at length by a speedy run,
And now my work for the day has begun.
Open the door, open the windows,
Make the fire, sift the cinders;
Take down the shutters, place them neat,
Clean the gutters and sweep the street;
Do a thousand things or more,
Before the Boss comes to the store.

* * * * * * *

Now a fine lady enters the store,
Overhauls a dozen things or more,
Looks at all things, chooses some,
And though living a mile must have it sent home.
Then to the Post-office I must begone,
Whether there's letters or whether there's none,
Now there comes a heavy bundle,
Which in vain I try to carry,
A wheel-barrow I must trundle,
With, 'Be quick and do not tarry.'

* * * * * * *

If it is a rainy day,
There's bills to be sent out for debtors to pay.
And my walks are all in vain,
For 'tis always, 'Call again.'
Now the dinner hour is come,
Now I hasten quickly home;
To the table draw a seat,
Sit me down and quickly eat,
To the clock my eyes do stray,
And I rise and haste away;
Evening sees the same thing o'er,
What the morning saw before;
And when night in gloom doth come,
Wearily dragging my tired limbs home;
With my feet all blistered and sore,
And my shoes all torn and wore;
At length I reach the welcome door,
Get something to eat, for supper is o'er;
And up the stairs I drag to bed
My wearied limbs and aching head;
And all the long, long night I seem
To be carrying bundles in my dream.
All these things and many more,
Which I have no time to number o'er;
Sorrow and care, but never joy,
Are the attributes of the Errand Boy."

—C. C.'s

"I remember, I remember,
  In the days now long gone by,"

is not so good as Hood's

"I remember, I remember
  The cot where I was born."

The feeling is tender; but tender feeling is not, of itself, poetry.

—Omega and Omicron find that "all the persecutions of the Puritans of England, the Protestants of France and elsewhere, were followed by great revivals and the increase of the Christian Church," and infer that the present great awakening may be considered as a kind of reaction from the Sepoy slaughters of Christians in India. The letter is full of generous enthusiasm about the revivals—an enthusiasm which we will hope flowers into humble, patient, self-sacrificing lives.

—Rue sends "dear Mr. Lounger" part of a letter from a poet-friend, written during a late sunny-day ramble. It is a hymn to sunshine:

> "The most blessed of manifold blessings is the genial sunshine.
>
> "Without it, beauty were but a radiant myth—bright objects around us but unattractive forms and opaque angularities.
>
> "It is God's sweetest charity to His pauper-children; yet what millions bask in its rays without one kindling glow of gratitude to the beneficent Giver!
>
> "What artistic power it hath! It paints in heaven the bending 'bow of promise;' tints the evening sky with matchless hues of beauty; streaks the dawn with rosy threads of light; and throws its glowing mantle o'er the eastern hills.
>
> "Spreads a tapestry of varied green o'er hill and valley, inwoven with flowers of every form and hue; robes the trembling forest-maids of spring with leafy verdure; and, to the courtly dames of autumn, a wardrobe gives of scarlet, gold, and crimson, that India dyes may vainly strive to imitate."

—The Lounger has been speaking of the University to-day, and is glad to have his attention called to the good sense of a suggestion in the catalogue and laws of the "Irving College," in Maryland. "The *regular reading of good periodicals* is, in more than one respect, considered of great importance: every student, therefore, is requested to subscribe to some good paper, according to his own selection and with the approval of the faculty." This suggestion is full of good sense; for in this country, where every young man is to have an active share in the government the moment he graduates, it is only fair and necessary that he should have some knowledge of current public affairs. Dr. Longstreet, also recommended every college student to take a newspaper. It is pleasant to find this collegiate adaptability to new times and a new country.

"Athens, Georgia, *March*, 1858.

"Mr. Lounger,—Allow me to suggest to Mr. Pry that the word "*eccentric*" is probably derived from the Greek εκ and κεντρον; while the other words he mentions are from the Latin language. Is not this a sufficient reason for continuing the present spelling?

"Respectfully yours, Pedagogue."

—C. A. B., *Davenport, Iowa.* "An ambitious young gent" wishes to know whether Loungers in their youth "fall in love," "get spanked," and resemble other children? Even so, C. A. B., even to being "ambitious young gents."

—Green informs us that upon visiting the land of dreams he requested to converse with "the immortal Washington," and was told that he was still in the flesh, and occupied the editor's chair of *Harper's Weekly*. The Editor informs the Lounger that he wishes people in dreamland could keep a secret.

—Dolly Ann, who says

> "I am one of that nondescript class called Single Women—belonging to a genus, but of no particular species—created, God only knows why! unless to discipline our friends,"

speaks very well upon a very important subject; namely, domestic civility, or good manners at home; and concludes thus:

> "If you, Sir, pamper and pet your own wife and daughter, without exacting a proper acknowledgment, they will claim it as their indubitable right from every man; but if, in all the relations between husband and wife, parent and child, brother and sister, master and servant, these little civilities are strictly observed, a habit is formed which will inevitably be carried out and practiced in the world, and this crying evil rectify itself."

—Agricola Randol sends the following epigram upon a recent vote in Congress. It is late, but is, perhaps, as good as ever:

EPIGRAM.

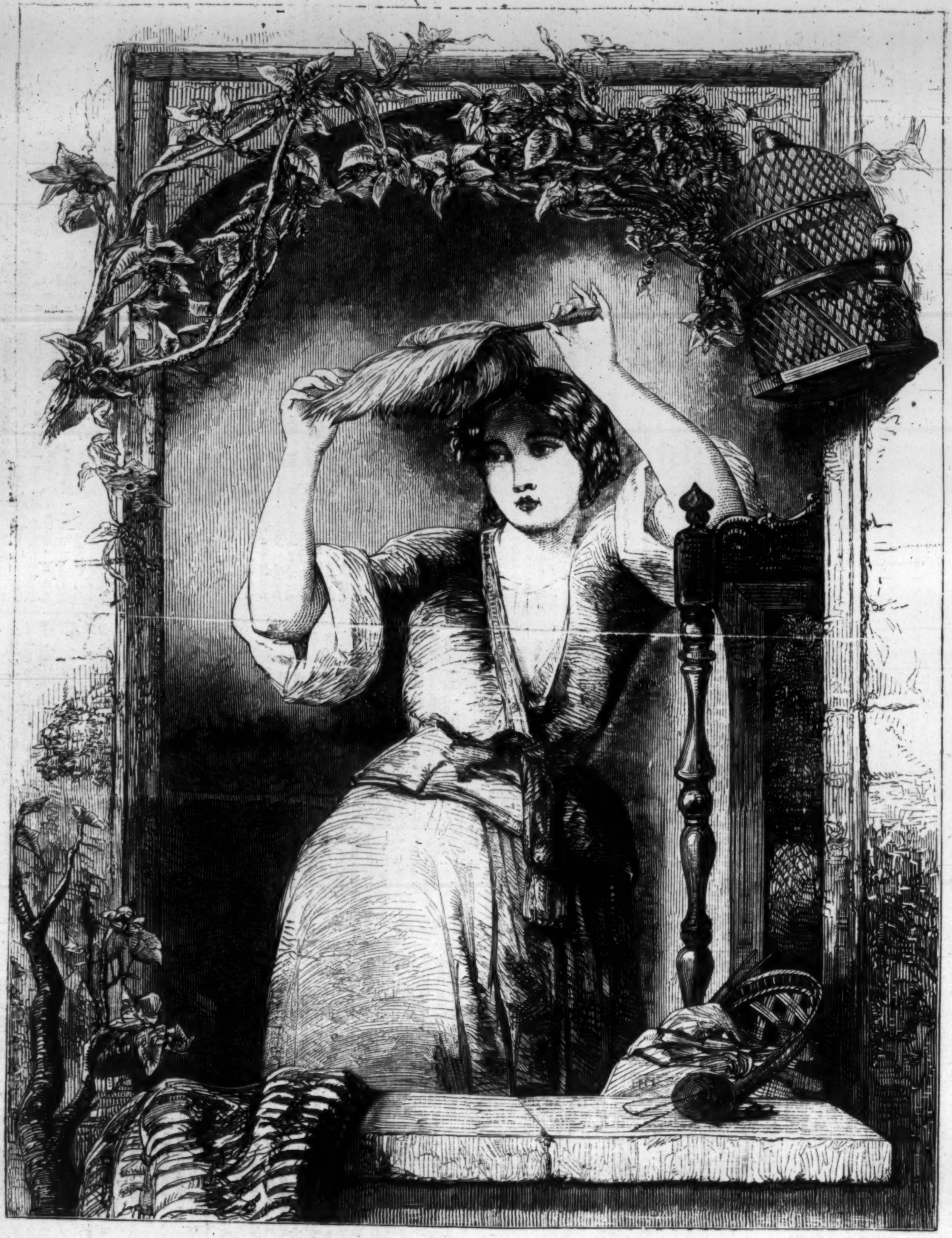
"The day is fixed the struggle's to be ended,
Turmoil to cease, and Kansas' bones be mended!"
"What is the day?—when is it? Answer truly."
"The best of all, the 1st of April surely.
Let no one call our Congress irreligious,
Let no one either call it superstitious;
The golden mean is chosen, and by the rules they
Have taken from the Almanac All-Fools' Day;
And to their patron saints have made appeal
To guide them, and insure the commonweal."

—Several songs to Spring come floating in upon the warm air of these April days. They show that the old magic still works, and that song and love waken with the birds and flowers. But they have nothing which would make them very interesting to the general reader.

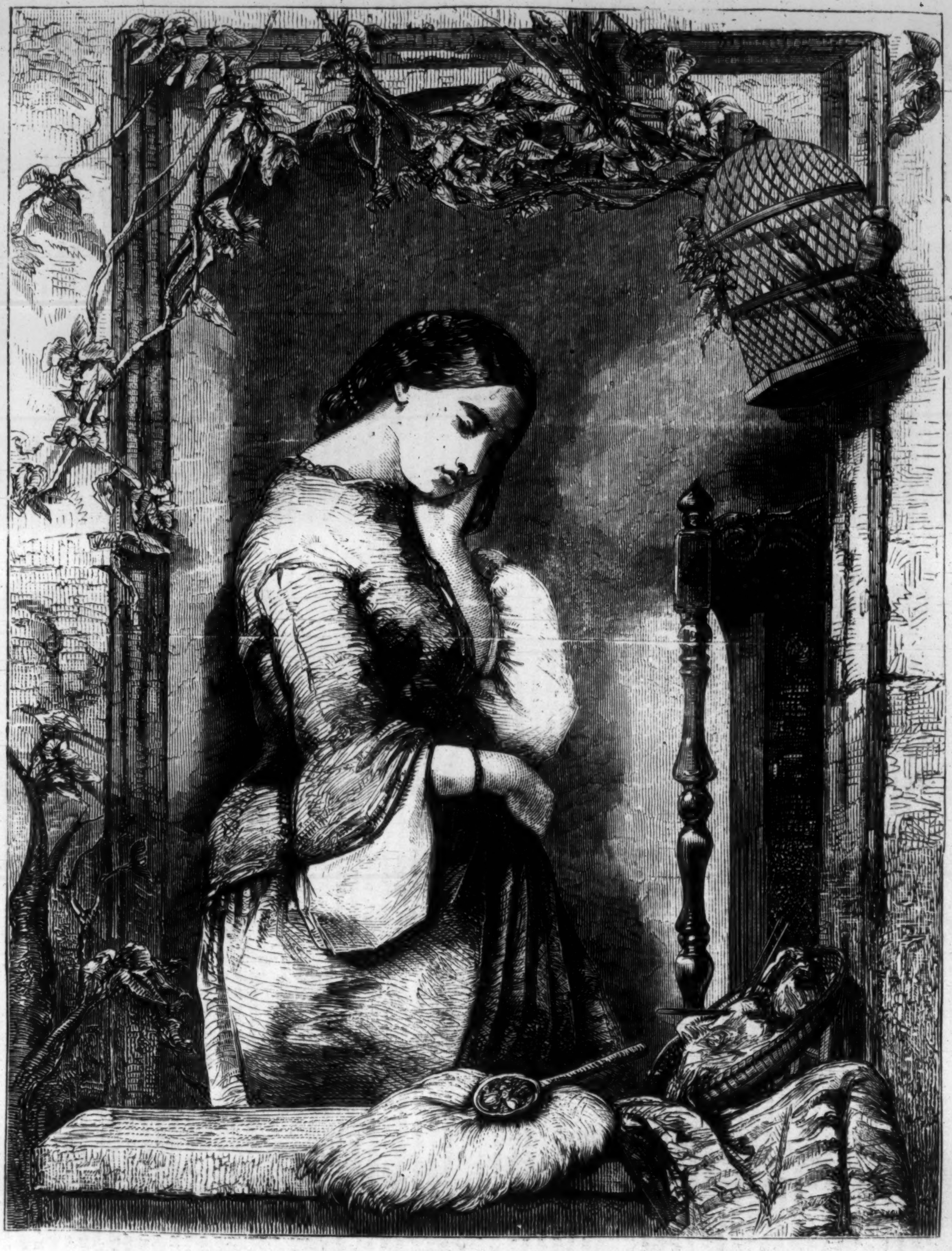
—A. Savage, *Tobacco Worm*, replies promptly to Miss Melinda Broadskirt. He says, with genuine gallantry:

> * * * "My lovely antagonist has classed me as a 'crusty old bachelor,' and insinuates that my emotions are positively pleasurable in 'staring a lady out of countenance,' or in seeing her compelled to 'wade through the juice.' Here the precious Melinda does me great injustice. I am a smiling bachelor of thirty years; and, instead of being 'crusty,' I am quite amiable—too much so for my own interest. Staring ladies out of countenance is not one of my accomplishments; and I utterly deny that I would experience any pleasure in seeing Melinda compelled to 'wade' under the embarrassing circumstances which she has so eloquently depicted. On the contrary, my pity is easily excited; and if I should see the sensible Melinda endeavoring to make headway against such a 'sea of troubles,' I would rush to the rescue, lift those feet, so *bien chaussé*, from the contamination, and, in the most graceful manner imaginable, 'pick her up' and deposit her safely in the 'captain's office.'"

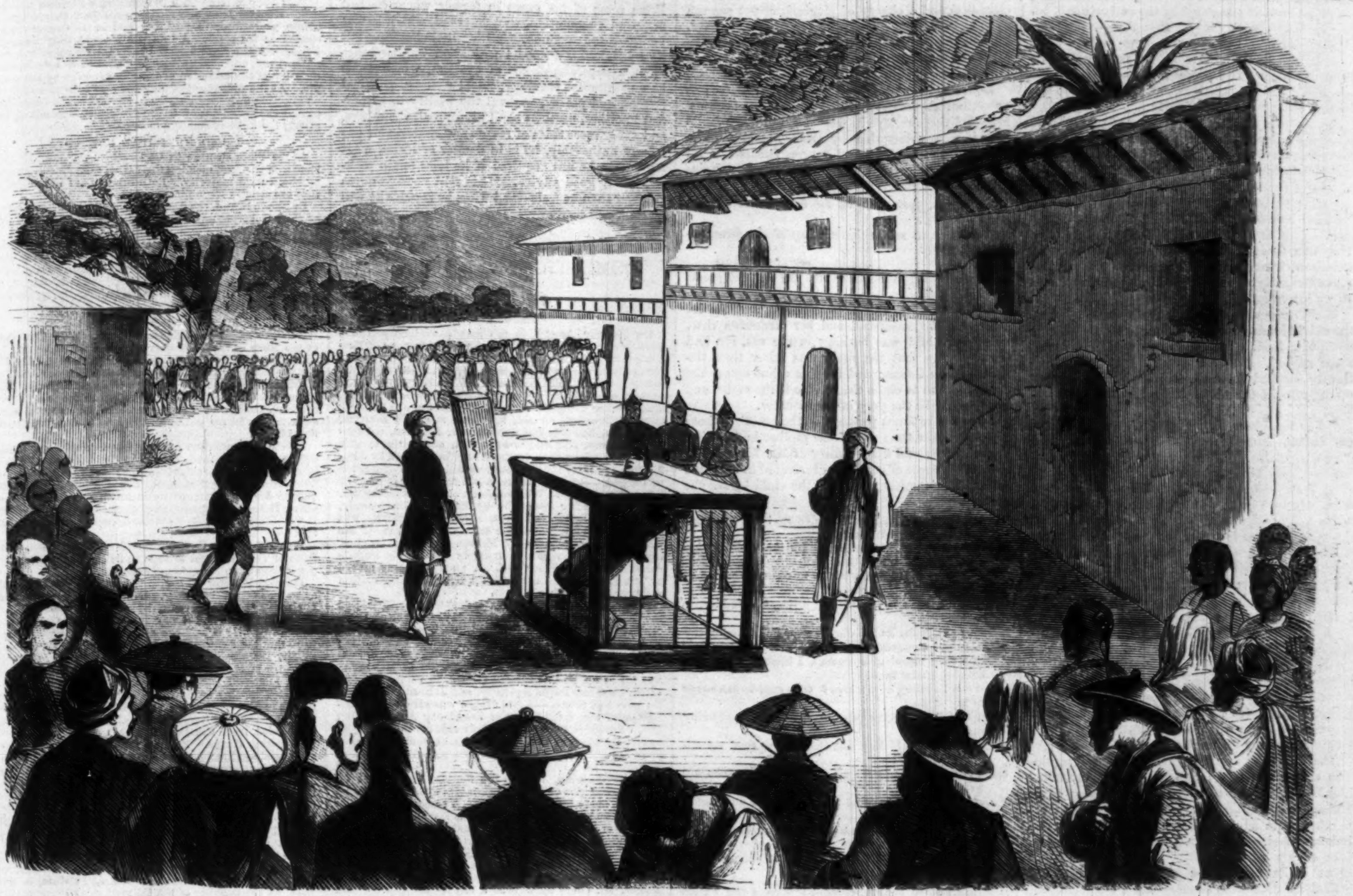
The Lounger trusts his correspondent may never have the opportunity of doing any such thing. The *Tobacco Worm* concludes by an appeal for charity to Miss Melinda, and wishes her to know that he has lately been singing psalms "like a nightingale."



HOPE



DISAPPOINTMENT



PÈRE CHAPELAINE IN THE CANGUE.

HOPE AND DISAPPOINTMENT.

THESE two pictures have been exhibited at a late Exhibition of Paintings in London.

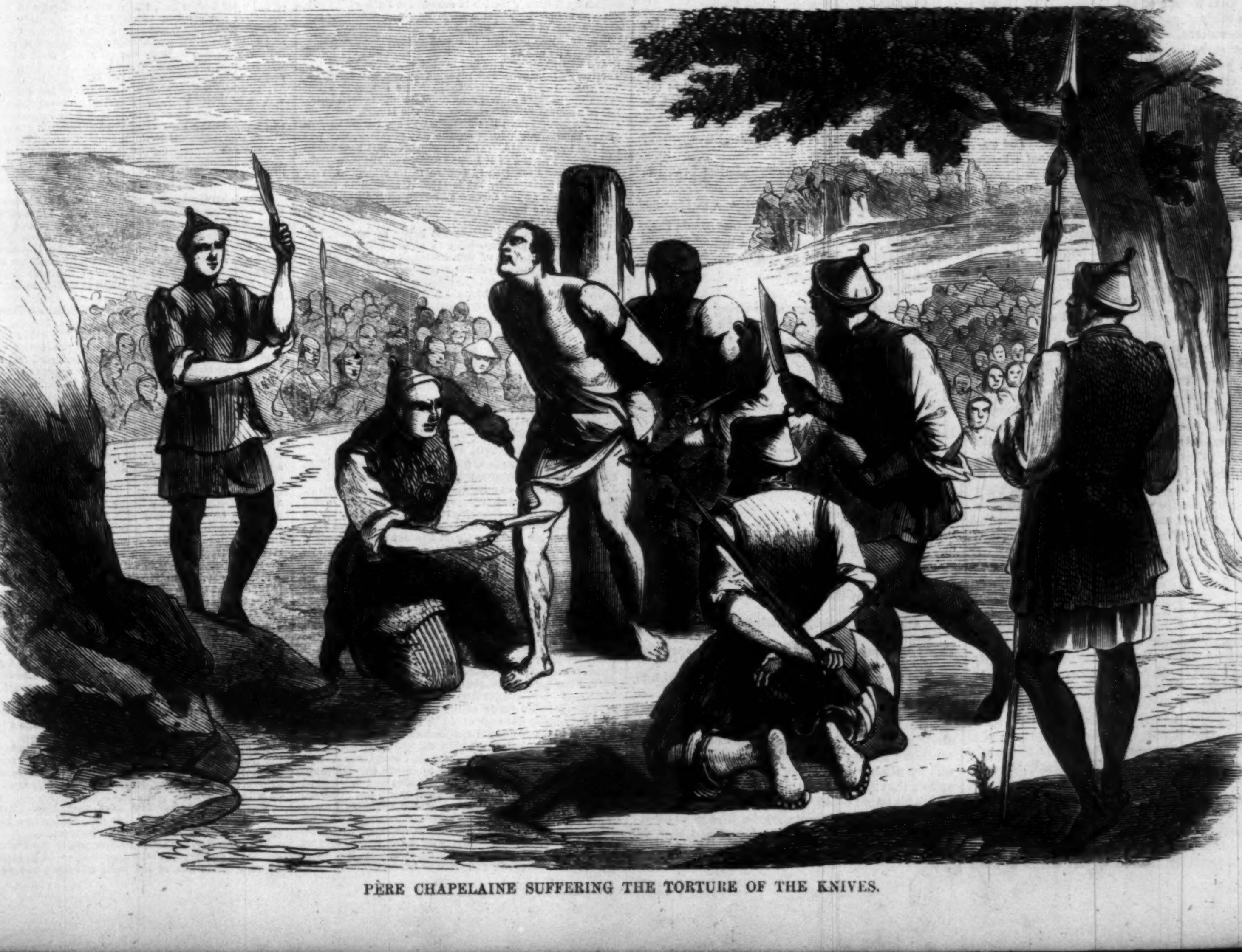
They are by Mr. A. J. Woolmer, and place him in a high rank among British artists. They are beautiful pictures, full of tender sentiment poetically expressed. In the one, we have a fair-haired girl looking out in joyful expectation at the approach, or supposed approach, of her lover; the glad sun-rays so bright that she is obliged to shield her eyes from their influence with her feather-fan. In the other, we find that the fond expectation has not been realized—the advancing form was not that of the loved one—and, the fan thrown aside, with head resting on hand, all is disappointment and dejection. The quaint old window surrounded by the trailing foliage, the bird-cage and the knitting implements, indicate that our heroine is in the seclusion of an old country mansion, where the advent of an agreeable visitor would be an occurrence all the more important and welcome for its rarity.

We are sure that the lady subscribers to *Harper's Weekly* will be glad to add these pretty faces to their album gallery.

A RECENT MISSIONARY MARTYR.

OPINIONS are divided as to Chinese civilization. Part of the civilized world regards the Chinaman of this day as the result of an effete ultra-civilization; the other part looks upon him as a narrow-minded barbarian. In theory, the first-mentioned supposition is perhaps correct; in practice, the last is most likely; as is proven by the terrible and wanton cruelties practiced upon an inoffensive French Jesuit missionary and several of his Chinese converts, last year, in the province of Quang-si, in Southern China, circumstantial accounts of which, by an eye-witness, have just been received in France.

The Reverend Father Chapelaine had labored for a number of years faithfully and quietly in various provinces of the Chinese Empire. Genial, inoffensive, ingenious, and a man of letters even in the Chinese sense of that term, the good Father was more than usually successful in gaining the good-will of the people among whom he labored, and even in conciliating the authorities generally in his favor so far as to cause these to leave him unmolested. Thus matters had gone for some years, until February of last year, when, being



PÈRE CHAPELAINE SUFFERING THE TORTURE OF THE KNIVES.

then resident in a city of the province of Quang-si, he found himself suspected by the authorities of being in league with the—at that time—victorious rebels. The facts of the case seem to have been that the chief mandarins feared the worthy Father's influence among the people; for he had, by his preaching, and exhortations, and prayers, made numerous converts to Christianity.

On February 26th a patrol of mandarin soldiers suddenly entered the house where Father Chapelaine was staying, and rudely dragged him before the Mandarin Judge. Here, placed in the midst of a large concourse of people, he was interrogated as to his purposes and political sentiments. So well did he answer that the mandarins saw they should lose their prey did they not silence him. They therefore addressed to him some blasphemous questions, whereupon the Father kept silence, and thus effectually preserved his dignity during a most angry interrogation.

Made furious by the calm dignity of the priest, the chief Mandarin Judge at length ordered him to be bastinadoed. Hereupon, we read, a touching scene ensued. Several young converts to Christianity stepped forward, and implored that they might receive the blows instead of the aged Father.

"You shall bear him company," said the Judge, and ordered four of them to be stretched out with Père Chapelaine. The last then received one hundred and fifty blows with a bamboo upon the soles of his feet—sufficient, often, to kill an able-bodied man. He bore these without a murmur. Enraged at his heroic silence, he was then taken to one of the squares of the town, and placed in the cangue, or wooden collar, where for three hours he was left bareheaded, exposed to the heat of the sun and to the jeers of the multitude. His position, as will be seen on reference to our engraving, was one of utmost discomfort. He was, in fact, suspended by the head in an iron cage, in a semi-crouching position, so that his lower limbs were of no support to his body. Here, amidst the abusive cries of an immense crowd, the poor Father suffered for three mortal hours, several times losing his consciousness, but never (so writes a Chinese Christian, an eye-witness to the whole scene) gratifying his persecutors by a cry for mercy.

The following day he was brought out again. The crowd was now ferocious. They demanded blood. Again he was stretched upon the ground, and again one hundred and fifty blows with a stout bamboo were administered upon his swollen and inflamed feet. He fainted during the operation. One of his native fellow-martyrs gave up the ghost while undergoing the same punishment. Still the Father kept silence—not a cry for mercy saluted the ears of his persecutors.

Such unheard-of endurance could not come from natural causes, thought the mandarins and the populace. The unfortunate man must be a magician. So, while he was yet lying in a swoon upon the ground, a dog was brought, his head cut off, and the insensible body of the missionary was sprinkled with the hot blood. This was to exorcise the devil of endurance.

Whereupon he was returned to prison for that day; and here one of his followers, by means of a bribe, obtained access to him to dress his grievous wounds.

But the poor man's sufferings were not yet over. On the following — the third — day he was taken out to the square of punishment, and there underwent the final torture of the knives. This is, we believe, a mode of punishment peculiar to the Chinese. The unfortunate sufferer is stripped and tied to a stout stake in the midst of the square, and then, the judges and high mandarins being present, the executioners — generally five or six in number — bring on a large covered basket filled with knives. Each of these knives is marked with the name of some portion of the human body, and is devoted to the mutilation of that part. The executioner puts in his hand, and drawing out a knife at random, performs the operation which chance has pointed out. Often flesh-pincers are used to assist in the excision of tender portions of muscle and flesh, as is shown in our illustration. Even this intense torture failed to elicit signs of pain from the Christian hero. He bore all without complaint. His hands, his arms, his thighs, his breasts, were successively mutilated; and at last, when bleeding at every pore, he was disemboweled, and his entrails thrown to a caged wolf brought for the purpose.

The next knife brought death. It was the headsman's tool; and at one blow the head was severed from the mutilated trunk.

So suffered a Christian missionary in this nineteenth century. This tale of horror will sharpen the swords of those Frenchmen and Englishmen who are now bearing the banners of their countries into China. Whatever may be thought of the Chinese as a people, the insolence of their officials is beyond bearing with; and it is to be hoped they will, in the present war, be taught—at the sword's point, as no other way seems likely to succeed—enduring lessons of moderation and toleration.

LITERARY.

MR. CHARLES KINGSLEY appears again as a poet. Ticknor & Fields republish ANDROMEDA, AND OTHER POEMS, in the very chaste style which characterizes all their issues. The volume is small, and its contents will not tire the reader. This is one merit. Andromeda occupies two-thirds of it, the rest being filled with seventeen longer or shorter poems, as Mr. Kingsley styles them on the title-page. Unquestionably (like the boy's picture of a horse in the story) some of them need the label. Such mixed metaphors as this, indeed, have no place any where in literature:

So many a wife for cruel man's caresses
Must inly pine and pine, yet outward bear
A *gallant front* to this world's *gaudy glare*.

One characteristic of the only poems that have sufficient merit to demand special notice is their imitation of others—an imitation not sufficiently close to found a charge of plagiarism, yet enough so to deprive them of the merit of originality. ST. MAURA is very much like Tennyson's "St. Simeon Stylites," evidently suggested by it, yet not copying from it except in what may be called the action.

Andromeda is a poor specimen of hexameter; as a rhythmical production it fails; sparkles of beauty here and there relieve its dullness, but gross faults mar it past redemption by these beauties. The story of Andromeda is, of course, familiar to all readers. The present version locates the enchaining of the maiden

Over the sea, past Crete, on the Syrian shore, to the southward;

and goes on to relate the coming of the sea-monster, which

——devoured of the fairest,
Cattle and children and maids, till the terrified people fled inland.

The consulting of the priests follows, and the lot which takes Cassiopœia, and her confession that, while her child was bathing in the sea, she had dared to say that the maid was fairer than the Queen of the Ocean; and for this crime comes the condemnation to chain the maiden to the rocks, and leave her to be the prey of the monster.

Some of the finest passages in the poem are those which describe the grief of the mother in fulfilling the sentence; and the inability of Mr. Kingsley to sustain the force of poetry is illustrated in the same lines. The mother speaks to the child before she leaves her:

"Daughter! my daughter! forgive me! oh curse not the murderess; curse not!
How have I sinned, but in love? Do the Gods grudge glory to mothers?
Loving I bore thee in vain in the fate-cursed bride-bed of Cepheus,
Loving I fed thee and tended, and loving rejoiced in thy beauty,
Blessing thy limbs as I bathed them, and blessing thy locks as I combed them;
Decking thee, ripening to woman, I blessed thee; Yet blessing I slew thee!
How have I sinned, but in love? Oh swear to me, swear to thy mother,
Never to haunt me with curse, as I go to the grave in my sorrow,
Childless and lone! May the Gods never send me another to slay it!
See, I embrace thy knees—soft knees, where no babe will be fondled—
Swear to me never to curse me, the hapless one, not in the death-pang!"
Weeping she clung to the knees of the maid; and the maid low answered—
"Curse thee! not in the death-pang!" *The heart of the lady was lightened.*

The flatness of the conclusion destroys the entire passage. The substitution of "mother" for "lady" would have saved it somewhat, but as it now stands the descent is a shock. To call classic Cassiopœia "the lady" was left for the weakness of modern poetry.

The maid waits on the rock—sees the sea nymphs go by, prays and weeps by turns, till Perseus comes. The latter is not the Perseus we have been accustomed to. He is "a boy in the bloom of his manhood," if one can understand what that is. He comes and looks at the chained maid, flits around her, butterfly fashion, and is altogether an object that the writer somewhat mythically describes thus:

Hovering over the water he came, upon glittering pinions,
Living, a wonder, outgrown from the tight-laced gold of his sandals;

from which it is difficult to discover whether Mr. Kingsley wishes us to understand that the wings grew from the sandals, or that Perseus (having slain the Gorgon and won the fleece) had grown too big for his boots. He "bounds from billow to billow, sweeping the crests *like a sea-gull*," until he reaches her side, and

Hovering under her brows, *like a swallow* that haunts by the house-eaves,

lifts the vail of hair which conceals her beauties, and the

—— maiden, *motionless, frozen with fear, wept loud.*

Perseus addresses her; likens her to a white cross against the dark rock (a fine, but not an original idea); to a statue, which he had thought her to be.

But the maid, still dumb with amazement, watered her bosom with weeping;

and then the new-comer, considering her a fair prize and lawful prey, begins to warm her up after a fashion that must have surprised the poor naked girl that had been all night chained to the rock, even though the sea-gull which had shrunk to a swallow now dwindled to a bee.

Beautiful, eager, he wooed her, and kissed off her tears as he hovered,
Roving at will, as a bee, on the brows of a rock, nymph-haunted, etc.

And again:

Beautiful, eager he kissed her, and clasped her yet closer and closer,
Praying her still to speak—

until he reached the desired result, which is thus delicately (!) described:

Just as at first some colt, wild-eyed, with quivering nostril,
Plunges in fear of the curb, and the fluttering robes of the rider;
Soon, grown bold by despair, submits to the will of the master,
Tamer and tamer each hour, and at last, in the pride of obedience,
Answers the heel with a curvet, and arches his neck to be fondled,
Cowed by the need *that maid grew tame;*—

We trust the reader has the scene in his mind precisely as Mr. Kingsley seems to have it. Perseus continues kissing and the maid continues kicking, and by kissing steadily he tames her. When we reflect that she was chained with brazen links, which his sword could afterward scarcely cut away, it is not a matter of great surprise that he succeeded, especially as she was naked, and had been all night chained to the rock, "motionless, frozen with fear."

This will suffice of Mr. Kingsley's last poem. From some of his songs in former works he had acquired a reputation, well-deserved, which he has ventured too much on. With a little learning but no scholarship, a good imagination but no judgment, a superabundance of egotism, which leads him to attempt theology, novel writing, political reform, and poetry, without the ability to be perfect in either, until he shall give up all the others, and study more rules of reason and rhetoric for one line of authorship, he is in danger of losing what reputation he has acquired if he tries again without taking good advice. He is still young—much younger than he feels—and when he is older he will go back and begin again.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

POLITICAL.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, April 5, in the Senate, various petitions were presented, among others one from citizens of New York praying for a bankrupt law. Senator Bright moved for the instructions of Mr. Reed, United States Commissioner to China. Senator Brown introduced a bill for the protection of life and property at Washington, providing, among other things, for an armed patrol of one hundred men. Discussion ensued, in which Senators Douglas, Fessenden, Seward, Wilson, Iverson, Houston, Crittenden, Johnson, and others took part, and, after various ineffectual attempts to amend it, the bill passed by 34 to 9. Senator Douglas introduced a bill for the admission of Oregon.——In the House, a bill for the protection of life and property at Washington was introduced by Mr. Goode, and, after discussion by Messrs. Colfax, Goode, Washburne, Leiter, Giddings, Kilgore, and Morris, was referred to Committee of the Whole on the State of the Union. After remarks by Messrs. Quitman, Hughes, and Otero, the House concurred in the Senate amendments to the Volunteer Bill. A resolution was moved by Mr. Lovejoy, and adopted, inquiring for information respecting the Utah contracts.

On Tuesday, 6th, in the Senate, Senator Slidell claimed the right of holding back for three days his motion to reconsider the vote on the Kansas Bill. This was opposed by Senators Stuart, Douglas, Crittenden, and others; but the Chair, Senator Fitzpatrick, ruled in favor of Senator Slidell. The bill for the admission of Minnesota was taken up, and discussion ensued, in which Senators Fitch, Douglas, Pugh, Kennedy, and Johnson took part. No vote was taken.——The House was all day in Committee of the Whole on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill. Speeches were made, chiefly against the appropriations for the war in Utah, by Messrs. Seward, Taylor, Burnett, and Tappan among others, and the Committee rose.

On Wednesday, 7th, in the Senate, the subject of printing eulogies of deceased Senators was taken up, and remarks made by Senators Brown, Fessenden, and Hale against, and by Senators Houston, Mason, and Seward in favor of printing eulogies of certain deceased Senators. The question being put, the Senate decided not to print. The Minnesota Bill being then taken up, speeches were made by Senators Houston, Johnson, Stuart, Crittenden, and Wilson, and the bill passed by 48 to 3.——In the House, Mr. Otero introduced a bill for the construction of a wagon-road to New Mexico. The House then went into Committee on the Deficiency Appropriation Bill, and speeches were made, chiefly on the Utah question, by Messrs. Letcher, Lovejoy, Hughes, Colfax, and others, after which the Committee rose and reported the bill, with a recommendation that it be recommitted to the Committee of Ways and Means, with instructions to report in separate bills the items for deficiency under each head for the expenditure for service of the present fiscal year, and in another bill all appropriations designed for the next fiscal year, and also with instructions to inquire what further legislation is necessary to restore to Congress an efficient control over the expenses of the Government.

Some further remarks on these instructions were made by Messrs. Letcher and Campbell, but the Speaker ruled that it was competent for the Committee to make the representation.

On Thursday, 8th, in the Senate, a discussion took place on the printing of expensive works, in which Senators Johnson, Bright, and Fessenden, took part, and a motion by Senator Johnson to amend the Public Printing Act was adopted. Senator Gwin reported a bill for the construction of a Pacific Railroad. The Diplomatic and Consular Appropriation Bill was passed with amendments. The bill to restore officers dropped by the Naval Board was passed. The bill for the organization of the Territory of Arizona was reported by Senator Douglas. The subject of a medal for Commodore Paulding being taken up, Senator Slidell read an elaborate speech in favor of national filibusterism.——In the House, the Deficiency Appropriation Bill being taken up, the resolution of the Committee, passed on the day previous, was put and lost by 101 to 119. The bill was then put to the vote and rejected by 124 to 106. On motion of Mr. Montgomery, the House resolved to adhere to its amendment on the Kansas question by 119 to 111. A motion to reconsider was laid on the table. Remarks on the Deficiency Bill were made by Messrs. Branch, Campbell, and others, but no vote was taken.

On Friday, 9th, the Senate not being in session, Mr. Lovejoy moved unsuccessfully to obtain from the War Department a return of the number of officers absent from duty. The vote on the Deficiency Bill was reconsidered, and after remarks by Messrs. Branch and Glancy Jones, the bill passed by 111 to 97. The death of Mr. Benton was then announced, and the House adjourned to Monday.

ABROGATION OF THE CLAYTON-BULWER TREATY.

Negotiations are now going on between the United States and England for the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty. The Senate and House Committees on Foreign Affairs will shortly, by a decided majority, recommend its immediate abrogation. The English Government, through their Minister here, professes to have no objection, provided our Government will make certain concessions in Central America.

NEWS FROM THE UTAH EXPEDITION.

We have dates from Camp Scott, Utah Territory, to 15th February. Brigham Young had notified Colonel Johnston to leave the Territory of Utah by the 10th of March, otherwise his troops would be annihilated. Young had also tendered to the army sufficient provisions to last them to the States. Indictments for treason have been found in Judge Eckel's Court against all the leading Mormons and members of the Mormon Legislature. The *Times* correspondent writes, under date of 13th February:

"I am told by a gentleman who has just arrived from Henry's Fork, where the animals of the command have been kept during the winter, that they are in excellent condition. The dragoon and artillery horses are improving beyond all expectation, and are now really fat. There is no snow on Henry's Fork. The health of the command has been excellent during the winter. There has been but three deaths, and these were from the effects of diseases contracted elsewhere. The weather thus far has not been severe, for although the temperature has been quite low, yet its freedom from sudden changes, and the extreme rarity of the atmosphere, prevent the cold from being felt as it would be in a much lower temperature in the climate of the Eastern States."

Enough is known to warrant the assertion that Governor Powell and Major M'Cullough, Peace Commissioners to Utah, will be instructed to assure the Mormons that it is not the desire of the President and the United States authorities to make war upon them, but to secure the enforcement of the laws, to which end they will be counseled to participate. The Commissioners will also inform them that some troops will be retained in the Territory to protect the emigrants to the Pacific against the attacks of hostile Indians. The Commissioners will go with the next reinforcements to Utah.

THE KANSAS CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION.

This body met on 25th March and adjourned on 3d inst. General Lane was elected president but resigned before proceeding to business, and M. F. Conway was elected in his place. A Constitution was duly framed. Foreigners who have declared their intentions to become naturalized, and also negroes, are allowed to vote on the question of the adoption of the Constitution by the people. At the first election under it a vote is to be taken on granting universal suffrage. Several of the delegates signed the Constitution under protest on account of its giving the right of suffrage to negroes.

STATE AND MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS.

At the State election in Connecticut the Republicans have won the day, electing their Governor, Buckingham, by about 3000 majority. Both branches of the Legislature are strictly Republican.

In Rhode Island, the American Republicans have elected their Governor and a majority of both branches of the Legislature.

At Cincinnati, Ohio, the anti-Lecompton ticket has triumphed at the municipal election. At St. Louis and Jefferson City, Missouri, the Free-Soil Democrats have been successful. At the town elections in Michigan, at Portland, at Detroit, at Elmira, and Ogdensburg, the Republicans have carried the day.

PERSONAL.

Mohammed Pasha made an application to the Secretary of the Navy to build the best three-decker that could be constructed for Turkey, without regard to cost. He did not apprehend that any objection would be made. Judge of his surprise when a negative reply was given. He has now written home for instructions to make a private contract, though it is suggested here that a naval constructor may be assigned him to prevent him from being fleeced.

Before the members of Congress separated on Thursday, a letter was read, dated the day previous, written by Colonel Benton to Senator Houston and Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, saying that, in the event of his death, he expressly desires no notice to be taken of it. No rule of either House would justify such a proceeding, and, besides, it was contrary to his convictions expressed many years ago.

It is understood that the daughter of a distinguished Senator from Georgia is soon to be led to the altar by a gentleman from Memphis, Tennessee.

General Persifer F. Smith has been ordered to Utah, as well as General Harney. The chief command of the Utah Army will devolve on the former.

The President had a long interview with Col. Benton on 9th inst. It is said the conversation was very affecting—that the dying statesman expressed his views freely to Mr. Buchanan, and that the President was greatly moved. It is understood his remains will be conveyed to St. Louis.

Last Thursday an assault was made, in Washington, upon the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. Thompson, by a man named Peter Besancon, who, some months ago, was discharged from the Department, together with about thirty other clerks. He had recently made several unsuccessful applications to be restored, and on Thursday used violent language toward the Secretary in the hall of the Department, and struck him as he was entering the door. Mr. Thompson immediately turned, and discovered Besancon in the act of drawing a pistol upon him. Mr. Thompson thereupon seized Besancon, and threw him upon the floor, dislocating one of his arms. He was then secured.

We learn by the Cleveland *Herald* that Professor J. B. Hudson, of the Oberlin (Ohio) Collegiate Institute, was killed on the Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Columbus Railroad, on the evening of the 1st inst., near Olmstead Station. The place where the body of Mr. Hudson was found is about fifty-eight rods east of Olmstead Station, on the joint track of the Cincinnati, Cleveland, and Columbus, and the Cleveland and Toledo Railroads. His footprints were found on the earth, making short steps at first, then longer strides, as if running while holding on to the cars, and ended at a pile of iron, beyond which his body was found. It is supposed that his foot struck the pile of iron, by which means his hold on the cars was loosened, when he fell under the wheels. This theory is strengthened by the fact that his shawl, carpet sack, and pieces of clothing were found scattered along the track between the pile of iron and the body. Thus lying helpless upon the track, the poor man was sufficiently conscious to know that the Toledo train was coming down upon him, yet he was unable to drag his crushed bones off the rail. He could but raise his hand, and in an instant was mangled beyond even recognition.

Mrs. Mary H. Breckinridge, consort of the late Hon. John Breckinridge, departed this life, at the residence of her son, Dr. W. L. Breckinridge, on Friday evening of the week before last, in the ninetieth year of her age. We shall not attempt to portray her strongly marked character, nor pay the passing tribute which her memory so richly deserves, presuming that some one more familiar with the facts in her long and most useful life will perform that task. The mother who could give birth and training to four such sons as Robert, John, Caleb, and W. L. Breckinridge — to say nothing of her daughters — was no ordinary woman. Her funeral obsequies were attended, on Sabbath afternoon, by a very large concourse of people, in the First Presbyterian Church, where a discourse was delivered by Rev. Dr. Halsey. The remains were taken on Monday to Caleb Dale, her residence in Fayette County, where they were deposited by the side of her distinguished husband, to await the resurrection morn.

Hon. John Greig died at his residence at Canandaigua on 9th inst., aged over seventy years. He was among the early settlers, and one of the most esteemed citizens of that section of the country, and for thirty years or more has been one of the Regents of the University of the State of New York. When Louis Philippe was an exile in this country, in the time of the first Napoleon, he is said to have been especially indebted to Mr. Greig for hospitality and friendship.

The New York correspondent of the Boston *Transcript* writes:

"We had the pleasure of reading, the other evening, a very characteristic letter—the joint production of Macready and Thackeray—to Dr. Francis, dated last month, at the rural home of the former. It appears the retired actor is building up an Institution in his neighborhood for the Education of the Poor; and the novelist went down to lecture in its behalf; at breakfast, they talked over Brother Jonathan, and discovered they had a mutual friend in the medical Nestor of New York, and so resolved to send him a common epistle—which, however, is quite uncommon, coming from two such famous men, and written with such geniality; Macready declares himself moored for life, unless routed out of his pleasant domain by the French; while Thackeray owns he relishes a friend's society and a cigar more than quill-driving, but says he must work still for his girl's sake: both seem to cherish fond reminiscences of Yankee land, and the latter means to pay it another visit; and they both recall the Doctor's curative and personal influence with grateful affection."

Michael Clear, a native of Queen Anne's county, Maryland, died at Greenwich, Connecticut. In 1810 he was a sailor before the mast, but during the war of 1812 he was captain of the foretop on board the old United States ship *Constitution*. He aided at the taking of the British frigate *Guerriere*, under Commodore Hull; at the taking of the British frigate *Java*, under Commodore Bainbridge; and at the taking of the *Cyane* and *Levant*, under Commodore Stewart. He subsequently returned to the merchant service, where he continued for many years, when he re-entered the United States service, on the sloop-of-war *Erie*, and subsequently on the frigate *Congress*. His last position was that of a sailing-master at the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

At the Historical Society's meeting on Tuesday evening Mr. Bancroft read a passage from the forthcoming volume of his History. It relates to the battle of Lexington, and is greatly admired by those who were favored with its perusal.

The Detroit *Advertiser* says that Mrs. Thomas, a washerwoman of that city, has recently become heir to a fortune of a million of dollars in Europe.

It is said that the Earl of Rosse, one of the first astronomers in Europe, has told a gentleman in England that he anticipates one of the most intensely hot summers this year that has ever been known, and he advises farmers to build sheds for their cattle by way of protection against the extreme heat.

Mr. Sydney Gipson, of Tuscumbia, Alabama, last week killed a horse-thief whom he was hired to pursue and capture. The thieves set upon him, when he drew a bowie-knife and killed one. Gipson surrendered himself to a Justice of the Peace, who looked upon the case as one of justifiable homicide, and refused to hold him. When Gipson got home his fellow-citizens gave him the ovation of a hero, and the papers puff him.

The Pennsylvania Regiment for Utah has been fully organized. It numbers 1000 men, under command of Colonel Breece. A Committee of officers has been appointed to proceed to Washington, and make the tender of the services of the regiment to the President.

The Lockport papers have reports of the arrest of a Mrs. Lavina Fisher for larceny; but in the course of the examination it came out that the lady was purchased by one Carpenter from her husband, some six years ago, for the sum of fifteen dollars. The buyer and the bought have since lived together as man and wife. Carpenter died recently, and the woman took possession of his personal property. The heirs prosecute her for grand larceny, to answer which charge she is under bail.

A native Japanese, Samuel Southaro, was baptized at Madison University, in this State, by Professor Harvey, a few days ago. He is to return to Japan as a Missionary.

Mrs. Swanson, the widow of the gentleman who was murdered by the boy Rodgers, writes to the papers to say: "There appears to be a rumor prevailing in this city to the effect that I have received money from various persons who were interested in Rodgers's case, and supposed to be for the purpose of exerting my influence in his favor. Persons have approached me on two different occasions, though entire strangers to me, requesting my intervention in his behalf; but, as soon as I became aware of their motives, I absolutely refused to listen to their respective propositions, and stated that I desired to have it distinctly understood that I should in nowise interrupt the course of the law. And *all* rumors concerning my complicity in this matter are wholly without foundation.

"Having recently opened a fancy store at this place, in order to obtain a subsistence for my three orphan children, and as the extensive circulation of this rumor is calculated to seriously affect my business in so doing, it prompts me to make this correction."

ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO BREAK JAIL.

The *Utica Herald* says: "About two o'clock last Sunday morning a messenger came to Jailer Baker, in the jail at Watertown, with the intelligence that a prisoner named Spencer Wilson was sick, and wished Mr. Baker to bring him some medicine. Mr. B. did not hesitate to attend the prisoner, and brought him a drink calculated to alleviate his pain. While Mr. Baker was holding the cup for the consummate villain to drink (for Wilson was feigning his illness) three other prisoners, named Eddy, Ward, and Missic, stole slyly into the cell in their stocking feet (Mr. B.'s back being toward them) and seized him, bore him to the ground, beat him terribly about the head, and abused him shamefully. One of the wretches stepped on the throat of the prostrate jailer, while the three others proceeded to gag and bind him—not, however, until he had made sufficient noise to awaken his wife, who, brave woman! seized a revolver, and stationed herself at the outer door leading into the hall, where she calmly awaited developments.

"Meantime the villains had picked Mr. Baker's pocket of his wallet and the prison keys, and locking him into the cell, coolly proceeded to prepare for departure, considering themselves now 'all hunk,' as the phrase is. They picked up their sachels, which were carefully packed, flung their coats on their arms, and proceeded to the outer door for the purpose of taking leave.

AN UNEXPECTED OBSTACLE.

"What was their consternation on looking through the hole in the door and beholding leveled directly at them an ugly concern with six holes in the end of it, and a little white finger calmly resting on the trigger. 'Advance one step into this hall,' said the delicate, but firm voice, 'and you die!' The villains quailed. 'Come on,' said Mrs. Baker; 'but the first man who steps from that door I will shoot!' This was more than the fellows had bargained for. But one of them was cool and impudent. 'Pshaw!' said he, 'you don't know how to shoot it.' 'Yes, I do,' said Mrs. Baker; 'I have been practicing this long time; if you don't believe it, you can make the trial.' The fellows were completely baffled. They retired for consultation. With a refinement of deviltry worthy the arch fiend, they returned with the intelligence that Mrs. Baker might take her choice—either to see her husband's brains knocked out, or to retire and let them pass out! Here, indeed, was a fearful trial! What did the brave woman do? She quailed not for an instant—her eye relaxed not its vigilance—her finger trembled not on the trigger—there she stood pointing the deadly weapon through the iron bars of the hall before the door, and repeating her warning to the villains not to come forward a step, as they valued life! We challenge history to produce an example of more glorious heroism on the part of a woman!

RELIEF AT LAST.

"A messenger had, in the mean time, gone after help, and it soon came in the shape of some of the most resolute and hardy men in Watertown, who speedily relieved the little woman from her guard, drove the prisoners back into their cells, and set matters 'to rights.'

"The four men are now in chains. They are named, H. D. Eddy, in for grand larceny at Watertown; Oliver Missic, in for attempting to commit a rape in Rutland; Lawrence Ward, in for burglary in Watertown; and Spencer Wilson, in for burglary in Clayton. Four more Heaven-defying and devilish wretches probably Jefferson County boasts not; at least, we hope so!

"Mrs. Baker is a small, slim woman, with very expressive features, in which courage and firmness are displayed in the keen, clear eye, and the resolute lines about the mouth. We asked her if she would really have shot the men, had they disregarded her warning? She said, 'Most certainly I would! *Wouldn't you?*'"

FOREIGN NEWS.

ENGLAND.

PARLIAMENT.

On the 22d ult., in the House of Lords, Lord Derby announced that the House would be adjourned from the 30th to the 12th of April, for the Easter holidays. He also said, in reply to Lord Brougham, that there was no foundation for the report that it was intended to import free negroes from Africa and form them into black regiments. The Earl of Carnarvon, in reply to Lord Brougham, said that the Vagrant Act, recently passed by the Assembly of Jamaica, had been received at the Colonial Office, and was under consideration. He believed that there would be no objection to laying the bill upon the table before it received the royal assent. One of the allegations against this bill is, that it partially revives slavery. In the House of Commons, General Peel said that it was not the intention of Government to embody any more regiments of militia. Mr. Disraeli gave notice that he would move for leave to bring in a bill to reform the Government of India on the 26th. Lord John Russell's Oaths Bill was debated at length, and an amendment, which continued the exclusion of Jews from Parliament, was rejected by a vote of 297 to 144. The third reading was fixed for April 12. A motion to appoint a Select Committee to inquire into the Consular service and Consular appointments was agreed to.

On the 23d, in the Lords, Lord Ellenborough explained the desire of the Government to enlist into the Indian Army Kroomen on the coast of Africa, but said the plan had been abandoned on account of technical difficulties. In the Commons it was announced that the Governor-General of India had, on his own responsibility, confiscated and annulled the principality of Jhar. Mr. Monkton Milnes called attention to the vexations to which British subjects were exposed by the alterations in the French passport system, and moved for the production of the correspondence on the subject. After considerable discussion on the merits of the whole question, assurance was given on the part of the Government that they had considered the best mode of providing a remedy, and it was contemplated to establish offices at the principal ports, and to reduce the price of Foreign-Office passports. Leave was given to bring in a bill to legalize marriage with a deceased wife's sister, by 43 majority.

On the 25th, in the House of Lords, Earl Malmesbury, referring to the case of the British engineers at Naples, stated that Mr. Watt had arrived in England very much improved in health, and that a telegraphic dispatch had been received from Mr. Lyons, stating that Mr. Parkes had been liberated on bail. The same subject attracted attention in the Commons. Mr. Griffiths asked the Chancellor of the Exchequer whether, if in the opinion of the law officers of the Crown the capture of the *Cagliari* proved illegal, it was intended to demand from the Neapolitan Government full and ample compensation to the engineers for the treatment they received? Mr. Disraeli declined to answer. General Peel announced that it had been determined to grant a medal to all troops serving in India, and to give a clasp for service at Delhi and Lucknow. Mr. Roebuck brought forward his motion for the abolition of the Irish viceroyalty. After some debate, a motion for the previous question was negatived by a majority of 127, when the subject dropped, the main question not having been put.

In the House of Lords, on the 26th, the sanitary condition of the army was debated, and the Government promised the adoption of all necessary improvements. In the House of Commons, Government was asked whether it meant to prosecute the directors of the Western Bank of Scotland. The reply was that they had no materials before them to justify prosecution. Mr. Henley announced that the Government had no intention of introducing any measure in regard to the passing of tolls and local dues on shipping this session. Mr. Disraeli moved for leave to bring in a bill to amend the government of India, and explained its provisions at length. Like the bill of the former Government, it abolishes entirely the East India Company and Board of Control, and substitutes in their place a Council composed of a President, Vice-President, and eighteen members—the President to be a Secretary of State. It was not proposed to interfere with the powers of the Governor-General. The details of the bill were objected to by sundry members, but leave was given to bring it in.

HOW PELISSIER WILL BE RECEIVED IN ENGLAND.

The appointment of General Pelissier as Embassador from France gives very general satisfaction in England. The London *Times* believes the English nation may be fairly gratified by the appointment of the Emperor, as he is said to have declared that he selected this distinguished soldier as a tribute of respect to the alliance, to the English people, and to the two armies. The *Times'* correspondent believes General Pelissier to be a warm partisan of the English alliance, and says that, on a recent occasion, before the Privy Council, he expressed himself very strongly to that effect. The London *Herald* unhesitatingly asserts that the resignation of Count Persigny does not proceed from any difference with the existing administration, but is the result of some divergence of opinion on certain matters between him and Count Walewski.

PROGRESS OF THE LEVIATHAN.

The editor of the Portland *Advertiser* has had an interview with a gentleman lately from England, and says: "The gentleman informs us that, just before he left England, he visited the monster steamship; that there are 1750 men hard at work upon her; that her machinery is already in, and every thing is being driven as fast as man can do it. The desire on the part of the overseers to prevent all impediments to the work going on as rapidly as possible is so great that 'passes' to go on board of her are refused to visitors, lest they should incommode the workmen; and our informant was enabled to get on board only by a personal acquaintance with Captain Harrison, who kindly took him over the ship. He speaks of the state-rooms and other arrangements for passengers in the highest terms. She is being fitted up in the most costly and desirable manner. Captain Harrison had strong hopes of getting her ready for sea in July. This is good news, and we are rejoiced to be able to record it from so direct a source."

PROGRESS OF THE ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH.

The United States steam frigate *Niagara* arrived at Plymouth on the 23d ult., with machinery slightly damaged, having encountered a succession of southerly gales. The British frigate *Agamemnon* had commenced taking in the telegraph cable. A large quantity is on board by this time.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1861.

The correspondent of the *Herald* says: "Touching the proposed exhibition of 1861, in celebration of the Prince of Wales's majority, and under his Presidency, it will come off, be assured. The Council of the Society of Arts have had several meetings to discuss the project of holding this great international exhibition, and we may mention that among its members are some of the most distinguished men of the day. If we are rightly informed, they one and all take a different view from the *Times*, and intend to announce boldly to the world that they mean to have the exhibition in question in 1861—on the principle that *Homines nihil agendo discunt male agere*—and so to avoid the ills consequent upon inactivity, they intend to be active. On the 24th inst. the Council will again have the subject before them. It is said that the exhibition is intended to combine with industry and art manufactures all the materials of interest which made the Manchester exhibition so eminently successful last year."

SAD END OF A FAMOUS MAN.

He adds: "Apropos of exhibitions, you must have been, in common with us Britishers, very sorry to hear that Mr. Henderson, of the once celebrated firm of Fox, Henderson, & Co., the builders of the Exhibition of 1851, in Hyde Park, and of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham, died the other day, so penniless that his bereaved wife had not the means to bury him or save herself from starvation. A committee has been formed in London to collect subscriptions."

A REVIVALIST IN SCOTLAND.

A Glasgow correspondent of the *Presbyterian Herald* writes: "In the early part of the year our city enjoyed the ministrations of Mr. Brownlow North, a lay gentleman of independent means, who has devoted himself to the preaching of the Gospel. He is an Episcopalian, but addresses all who choose to listen to him wherever he finds an open door. His object is to deliver the simple Gospel message, which he does with overpowering earnestness. He speaks with fluency and even elegance, makes no attempt at exegetical preaching, says that he has but one doctrine to expound and enforce, and disavows the ministerial character and authority. But such is the fervor of his earnestness, that the largest edifice in town was not capable of containing the multitudes who flocked to hear him, from the highest to the lowest, nor were two addresses on Sabbath sufficient to meet the demand upon his ministrations, which were continued throughout the week. I heard him address about three thousand people, who were admitted by ticket to the City Hall, and the effect of his simple and earnest pleadings was very impressive and memorable. No preaching, I dare say, since the days of Whitfield, has produced such a powerful effect upon the popular mind as this remarkable man's addresses; and their power lies not in their logical structure, but in their earnestness. A friend of mine, who has seen Mr. North in his wild days on the stage as an amateur player, once dined in his Highland lodge along with a gay party. The wine was circling freely, and a Highland boy, whom Mr. North had engaged as a domestic servant, entered with a fresh supply of liquor, and in setting it before his master, whispered something to him, upon which North instantly withdrew from the table and took a cigar, refusing to indulge longer in his cups. Turning to my informant, he said, 'P——, that boy is a Christian; I could trust him with untold gold.' Whether that poor Highland boy's humble influence as a child of God was instrumental in touching the wicked heart of his master my friend could not tell. But on the occasion referred to, his warning whisper arrested North in his bacchanalian career, and probably he was in the habit of using the same liberty with his master on other festive occasions."

PIERRI'S HOUSE AND DAUGHTER.

The Birmingham *Daily Press* says: "The house lately occupied by the misguided and unfortunate Pierri, in Bath Row, which, up to the last few days, remained, nominally at least, in his tenancy, is now shut up. Handbills announcing the sale of his household furniture were, we have understood, issued some days ago, but from some cause, at present unexplained, the sale in question has not taken place, and the goods have been removed, we were told, by the parties whom their late owner left in charge. By whose authority, or for whose benefit the removal has been carried into execution, we have not heard. Pierri has left a daughter, now in a conventual school at Leicester, to whom, we apprehend, any sums arising from the sale of his effects are legally as well as morally due."

FRANCE.

THE FEELING WITH REGARD TO THE ALLIANCE.

The Paris *Constitutionnel* of the 25th ult. has an article in large type on the alliance between France and England. Most friendly sentiments are expressed throughout. It says that the Duke de Malakoff personifies the alliance as a living memorial of common glory and common perils, and that the Emperor could not have made a choice more significant or more flattering for the Queen and English people.

THE SECRET POLICE OF PARIS.

The correspondent of the London *Times* writes: "The *Moniteur* says that 'his Majesty has changed nothing in his ordinary habits, and that he continues to go out every day without an escort.' It is very true that the Emperor takes his drives in the Bois de Boulogne, and that his carriage is not on those occasions encircled or followed by Cuirassiers, Lancers, Gendarmes, or Cent Gardes armed *cap-à-pie*, with the earth shaking under their horses' hoofs. If the *Moniteur* means this by 'escort,' it is quite right. But the author of this paragraph in the official paper must know better than any one that there are other escorts besides those with uniforms, helmets, breast-plates, and sabres. There is the secret escort of police in plain clothes, with its advanced and rear-guard, its *éclaireurs*, its flank companies, etc., exclusive of the ostensible police. They ride in *coupès*, on horseback, or go on foot, and a good many have as fashionable an exterior as any of the professional *lions* of the Bois de Boulogne. Their numbers have been considerably increased since the *attentat*, and the Minister of the Interior is too experienced and too skillful a soldier not to take care that they who form this species of escort are distributed in the most effective manner for the protection of his august master. If the action of the police is, as the *Moniteur* inconsistently affirms, the same as before, I would venture to ask what was meant by the demand made by the government, and granted by the Legislative Body, of 1,200,000 francs for the service of the secret police? This sum is in addition to the 2,000,000 francs previously comprised in the budget on the same account. The secret police service under Louis Philippe was, I believe, just 1,000,000 francs."

HOW THE EMPEROR'S PERSON IS GUARDED.

The *Herald* correspondent writes: "I have heard a curious and perfectly authentic anecdote, illustrative of the state of things during the last days of M. Pietri's administration. It is usual, when the Emperor is going out, to telegraph the fact from the Tuileries to the Prefecture in the Rue de Jerusalem, and then numerous police agents in and out of uniform are dispatched to the line of route which he takes. But it very frequently happens that the notice given is so short that the Emperor is outside the barrier and in the Bois de Boulogne before the police have arrived in the Champs Elysées. M. Pietri, deeply feeling the weight of his responsibility, represented these facts, and asked to be furnished every morning with a programme of the Emperor's movements, so that he might be enabled to make proper arrangements in time. The request was refused."

PRUSSIA.

THE PRINCESS ROYAL OF PRUSSIA AND HER FATHER-IN-LAW.

The Berlin correspondent of the *Herald* writes: "On Sunday the Prince and Princess Frederick William and the Princess of Prussia attended divine service at the English chapel, in the Monbijon Palace. The young Princess appears to great disadvantage by the side of the tall and commanding figure of her mother-in-law; it must be confessed, in fact, that she is a rather insignificant-looking little lady, but she is gaining 'golden opinions' by her good nature, and the unaffected kindness with which she treats every one that approaches her. The old Prince of Prussia has been confined to his room for the last fortnight, in consequence of a fall, by which he sprained his ankle severely; but he is now recovering. His Royal Highness seems to have been born under an unlucky star, for his whole life has been one succession of accidents. At home or abroad something is sure to happen to him; in the antediluvian times, before the invention of railroads, his traveling carriage was constantly overturning or his horses running away with him; once he tumbled off a platform and almost killed himself; another time his sleeping apartment caught fire, and he was nearly roasted. Then, again, he would slip on the parquetted floor of his drawing-room, or a chandelier would fall down upon him and almost crush him to death. If omens were believed in nowadays, a disastrous reign would be prognosticated for him in case he should ever ascend the throne; but perhaps he will have exhausted the malice of fortune before that period arrives."

PARTIAL RECOVERY OF THE KING.

He adds: "The other day the King came to see him for the first time since his illness, and staid with him for about half an hour. Prince Albert, their youngest brother, who was present at the interview, says (as I am informed by a friend of mine) that the King appeared '*bei leidlicher besiunung*' (tolerably sensible), an expression which shows plainly that even in his more lucid moments his mind is not entirely free from the dark cloud that overshadows it. In bodily health he has improved wonderfully. He takes long walks and rides every day, in spite of wind and weather, and looks almost as stout as ever. Under these circumstances there is no prospect that the provisional authority intrusted to the Prince of Prussia will either cease or be converted into a Regency; indeed, the latter has agreed to wait for at least twelve months, to see whether his brother will recover the entire amount of his faculties before taking any steps for settling the administration of the country on a more permanent basis."

ITALY.

POLITICAL DISCONTENTS.

Discontent in Austrian Italy is said to be daily increasing. On the 20th ult. the Court at Genoa gave judgment in the political trials which took place in consequence of the events of June. Mazzini and five others were tried in their absence, and in contempt of Court sentenced to death. Twenty-nine were acquitted and twenty-eight were sentenced to imprisonment for terms varying from seven to twenty years.

INDIA.

THE PROJECTED ATTACK ON LUCKNOW.

An official dispatch to the East India Government says that Colin Campbell, with his force, consisting of fifteen regiments of European infantry, three regiments of native infantry, three regiments of European cavalry, three regiments and detachments of two others of native cavalry, with eighty heavy guns and mortars, and sixty-three field pieces, had crossed the Ganges, and was in progress to Lucknow. The attack was expected to take place on the 27th of February, when Jurg Bahadoors and General Frank's forces, 12,000 strong, would also have reached Lucknow.

CHINA.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM CANTON.

The blockade of Canton was raised on the 10th of February. The Americans and Russians have joined the French and English in a demand on the Chinese Government. The letters of the four Plenipotentiaries have gone up to Shanghai, and by the middle of March it will be known what line China would take. Trade has reopened at Canton. The 70th Sepoy Regiment had arrived, and is quartered within the walls of Canton. The city is now accessible to foreigners under certain conditions. The state of siege is to continue during the period of occupation. Immense dépôts of arms have been discovered. The allies have destroyed the remainder of the fortifications. The large towns of Koachow and Keang Chang have been retaken by the Imperialists.

LOSSES OF THE CHINESE DURING THE BOMBARDMENT.

The correspondent of the *Times* writes: "I have taken some pains to ascertain the loss suffered by the Chinese during the bombardment and the storm. We have all the official returns of the first day in our possession, and no account that I have seen places the deaths during the whole operations higher than two hundred. Some distrust the Chinese accounts, but I am inclined to put faith in them. Unless you surround Chinese soldiers you never kill many of them. You never catch them upon an island or in an isolated position. They act upon the principle of the Wife of Bath, that

'A mouse who trusts to one poor hole,
Can never be a mouse of any soul.'

They fire very fiercely upon you as you are coming up to attack them, but escape by the back door as soon as you get too near. Our escalade was a complete surprise upon them. They fancied you were advancing under the fire from their walls to attack Fort Gough; they never expected that you would turn aside and 'jump upon wooden legs' over the wall. Howqua's Comprador, with whom some of us talked the matter over, declares that it is impossible that the numbers killed could be greater than is stated. The people, he says, knew perfectly well the line the fire would take, and got out of the way. The troops who were obliged to remain on the walls kept very much under cover, and great quantities of the missiles missed the wall and fell into the ditch. The dead must be buried outside the city, and, as the western gate only was open, it was easy for any one to calculate how many were carried out. It says little for the destructive power of our warlike engines that so small a loss should have been occasioned by so large an expenditure of shot and shell, but the probabilities are that the fact is as the Chinese state it. It is placed beyond doubt now that the loss of the Chinese during the bombardment in 1856 was not more than forty-three, and I quite believe in the probability that the recent list of killed does not exceed two hundred."

THE STATE OF THE CITY.

He adds: "On the 21st I returned to my quarters in Canton, and found that all the tender solicitude of the people of Hong Kong had been entirely thrown away. I traversed the whole city with my trunk and chow-chow baskets, myself the only escort to my four Coolies. Along the great east and west thoroughfare a closed shop was become a rare exception, and the only difficulty was to push our way through the crowd. The people were cutting up their pigs and their fish (the abundance of immense carp, tench, and roach in the streets of the city is wonderful), and cooking their comestibles in full business-like security. Idlers were playing at Chinese hazard, and exhibiting their piles of coins upon the board. The curiosity-shops, in incredible numbers, were spread with curious antiques of the newest fashion, and were victimizing credulous lieutenants in a way which Mencius would not have approved. The crowds are not even afraid to manifest curiosity at the clothes and features of their European guests, and the shop-keepers invite you into their shops with a politeness that proves they have no misgiving that you will exercise any right of conquest except a conquest by purchase. Yet the spirit of insolence has departed out of them. Neither in word nor gesture is there any symptom of hostility or even of dislike. I have seen two people frightened very much by a scolding for using the word *Fan-quei* (Foreign devil); but I believe they used it in all innocence, having never heard it called by any other name. I would neglect no precautions, for the neglect of precautions would revive hopes now abandoned, and the neglect of precautions nearly proved our destruction at Ningpo during the last war; but, so far from there being any notion of retaking this city, I believe that no ten Chinamen within sight of Canton would dare raise a stick in the presence of a British or French soldier or sailor."

YEH AND HIS BUTCHERIES.

Official documents have been discovered in Canton, in which it appears that Yeh, during the short period of three months, put to death no less than the enormous number of 20,000 human beings. This is a fact beyond doubt, the documents taken showing the name of every man and woman, and for what they were executed.

Yeh is still on board the *Inflexible*. He eats and drinks well, but is not very communicative, and says "he is tired of waiting for Lord Elgin, and if he does not come soon, he must really go and attend to the governorship of his province."

WHAT IS TO BE DONE WITH HIM?

The *Times* correspondent writes: "It naturally occurred to the Anglo-Saxon mind that he also must want books. The offer was rejected; but Yeh is a religious man, and said nothing about romances. His answer was, 'What should I do with books? All the books that are proper to be read I know by heart.' He quoted Caliph Omar, without having ever heard his name. He passes his time in praying to Buddha and telling his fortune. His papers abound in fortune-telling schemes, analogous to our '*Sortes Virgilianæ*' or '*Sortes Biblicæ*.' One of them is headed 'Scheme to determine when the Kwangsi Rebellion will Terminate.' The Chinese are very indignant with him for not killing himself. They say, 'Eep number one fools; he no makee writee pigeon, he no makee fightee pigeon; he number one bad Mandalin; he no cuttee thloat.' The wretched creature seems to have been influenced in his conduct by these fortune-telling tricks, which are as heterodox in China as they are in England. Yet, although the revelations of his State papers, and our observation of his personal habits, demonstrate that he is without conduct or judgment, or even the strong common sense of an ordinary Chinaman, his official rank is so great that we are told his presence in the Canton river exercises an unfavorable influence upon our dealings with the Chinese people. Unless early news of his degradation should be received, he will be sent away. The present idea is to send him to Calcutta, where he will probably have an opportunity of cultivating the friendship of the King of Oude within the walls of Fort William."

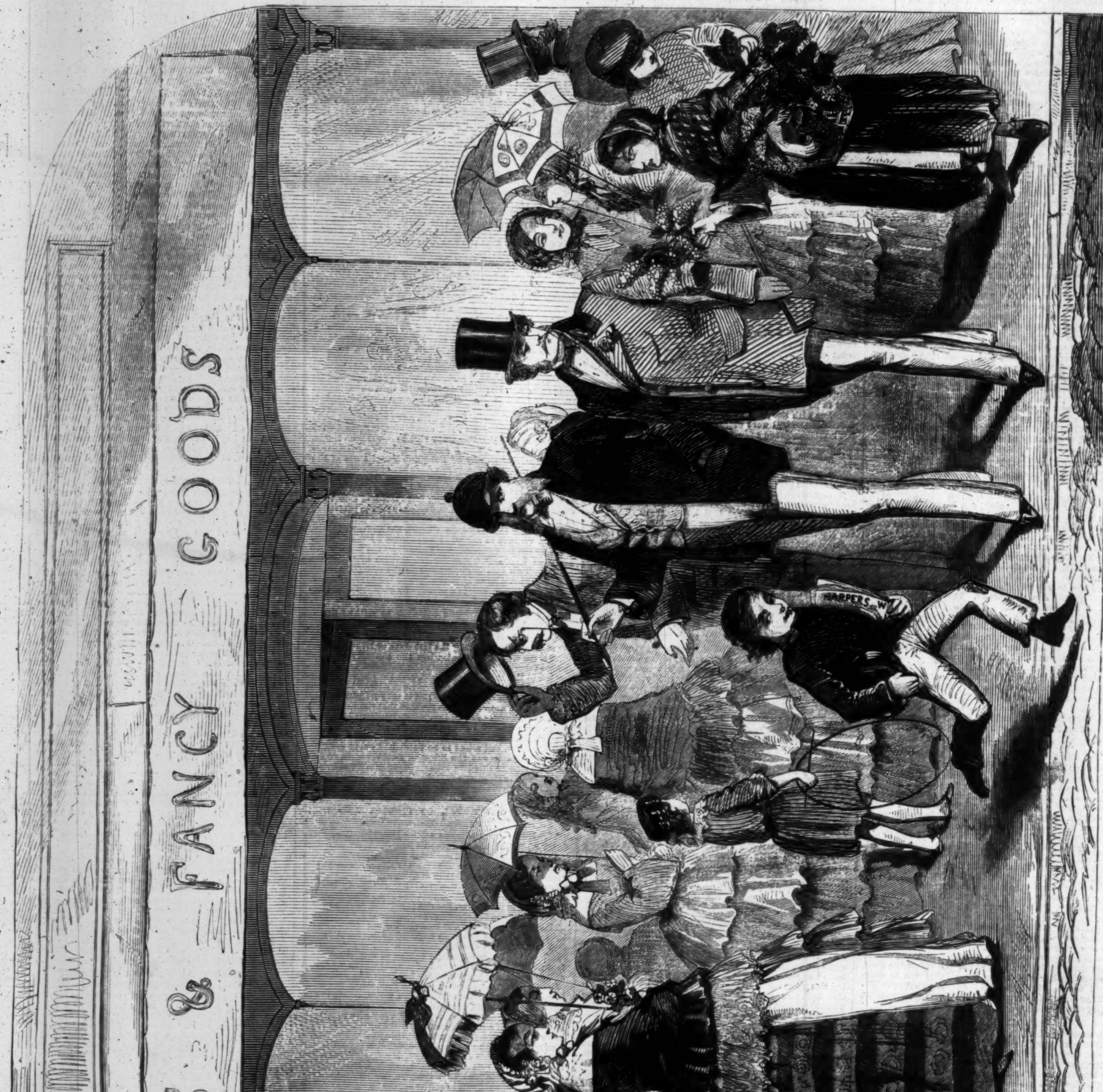
VENEZUELA.

ANOTHER REVOLUTION.

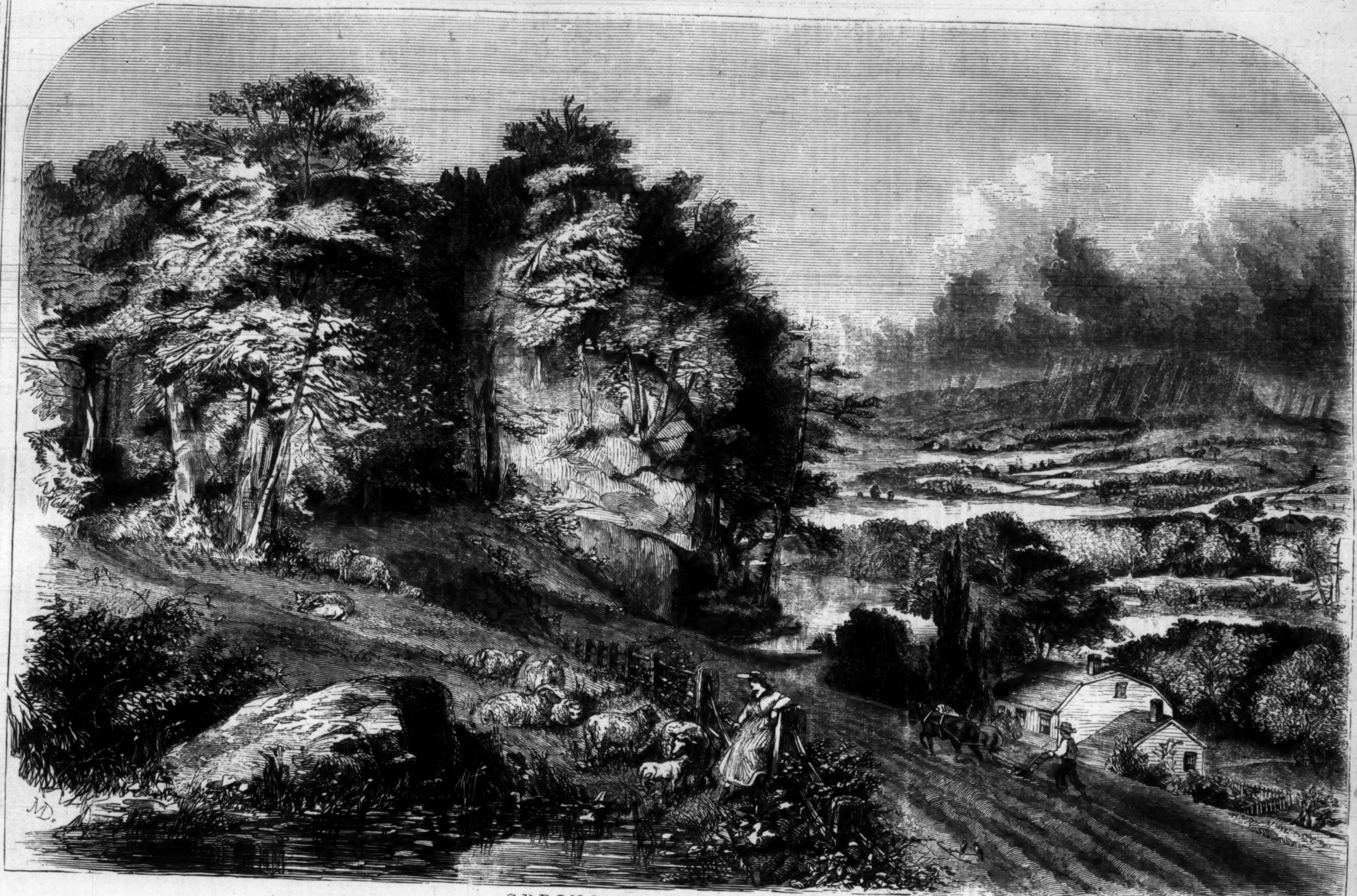
The *Herald* correspondent writes: "A revolution, headed by General Julian Castro as military chief, broke out in Valencia on the 5th ult., on the same day Puerto Cabello was taken, and the movement spread through the Valles de Aragua on the 6th, coming as near as the Ajuntas to Caracas; immediately also others of the western provinces, as Barquinwater, Taraqui, Cojedos, etc., joined, and Castro was in a few days able to collect a very respectable army of about 10,000 men near Victoria, at the same time that General Briceno was blockading Laguayra with a few small vessels.

"President Monagas tried hard to collect people and arms, and all that he could get together was sent under Generals Castelli and Tiss and Commandant Rafael Vidanalo, who got as far as the Coquija or the Consejo, but soon found out that their force was altogether too small to attempt an assault: meanwhile the Tuy pronounced also against Monagas, and he, seeing that resistance was useless, abdicated on the 15th his Presidency and that of his son-in-law, the Vice-President, into the hands of Congress, and surrendered himself and family and ministry, taking refuge at the French legation, where they still remain.

"Immediately, and under the greatest possible enthusiasm, a provisional government was named by Congress, which after this dissolved; the provisional government consisted of Dr. Pedro Gual, Dr. Lucio Siso, Manuel M. Quintero, and Dr. Manuel María Echeandia y Ledo. The ministers are Dr. Reyes Pinal, Interior; Pedro de las Casas, Finance; Minchin, War; and Ramon Yopes, Foreign; Commandant de Armas Corovell Mattuerell, Governor Joaquim Herrera."


LACES & FANCY GOODS
HARPERS W

SPRING IN THE CITY.



SPRING IN THE COUNTRY.

SPRING IN CITY AND COUNTRY.

THE foregoing pictures do credit to the artists who drew them. They explain themselves, and illustrate ingeniously the contrast between the genial invigorating spring of the country, and the gay, flaunting spring of the town. Where one has buds, the other has bonnets; where one rejoices in verdure, the other exults in showy dry-goods; birds are the music of the one, barrel-organs that of the other; but in both the season is one of love, gladness, and general expansion of mind and body. Both pictures are taken from nature. We will leave it to our intelligent readers to discover the scenes which they represent. It would be unfair to the proprietors of country-seats to reveal the charming spot which has been selected to illustrate spring in the country; for their minds would be filled with envy, and the owner of the fortunate Paradise would be troubled with offers which he certainly would not accept. And though perhaps the locale of the other scene may be no secret to some of our New England readers, our respect for the metropolitan pride of the denizens of other cities forbids us to say more than that the site represented is one which perhaps witnesses more beauty and fashion on a summer afternoon than any other in the United States—Broadway, of course, excepted.

LEAVES.

WHAT is life, and what are we?
Only leaves upon a tree,
Green to-day, to-morrow sere,
Then we are no longer here!

Others, fair and brave as we,
Grew, of old, upon the tree;
Now they crumble in the mould,
With their histories untold.

So shall we—it is our lot
Thus to die and be forgot;
By-and-by the tree will fall—
One oblivion waits for all.

ANAÏK TIMOR, THE SORCERESS.

HAVING occasion, while staying at Pontrieux, to visit Tréguier, I took a cross-road which I had traversed before, and which I calculated would bring me to my destination before evening. In this I found my memory had deceived me, for night overtook me before I had accomplished a third of my journey, and I became fearful of losing myself among the various by-paths, which, in the darkness, it was difficult to distinguish one from the other. To add to my embarrassment, the wind rose and the snow began to fall.

I had just reached a sort of moor, covered with heath, over which the wind swept with a sullen roar, and which offered no shelter from its relentless fury. Enveloped in my fur cloak, I bent my head to the storm, and continued to struggle along the uneven path. Turn what way I would I could see nothing but a white moving cloud, which seemed to confound both heaven and earth. Momentarily, however, the storm would abate, and the wind sink so as to enable me to distinguish the murmur of a distant waterfall, or the plaintive howls of famished wolves; then, again, the blast would overtake me, groaning and moaning, until all was lost in one great roar.

I had at first a sort of proud enjoyment in battling with the whirlwinds, which tossed like the waves of the sea around me; but insensibly cold and fatigue lessened my ardor, and I began to look out anxiously for some shelter. By good fortune the path I had continued to follow now began to dip into a narrow gorge, where I was soon able to distinguish the outlines of several leafless trees; and as I proceeded I seemed to leave the storm behind me. At last I arrived at the entrance of a narrow valley, where the noise of the storm, deadened by the surrounding mountains, reached me only as an echo. The snow also fell less heavily. I raised my head, glad to breathe freely once more.

I knew by experience that the valley must contain habitations. A washing-shed and a solitary oven soon confirmed me in this belief; and, a few steps further, I perceived a hamlet, composed of about a dozen cabins. The first which I approached was dark and empty; but, guided by the murmur of voices, I reached one standing by itself, and pushing open the door, found myself in the midst of a Breton *filerie*.* A dozen women, crouched upon their heels around a blazing fire of furze, were turning their spindles, chatting and singing the while. Several children lay at their feet, asleep; and a young mother, seated in the most distant corner of the hearth, was suckling a newborn infant, murmuring, in a low voice, a cradle-song. On my entrance they all turned round. I had stopped at the threshold to shake off the snow with which I was covered, and now placed my stick near the door, in accordance with the custom of the country. The mistress of the house understood by this that I demanded shelter.

"The blessing of God be upon all here!" said I, advancing to meet her.

"And on you!" she replied, with Armorican brevity.

"A shroud covers the moor, and wolves themselves could not find their way."

"Houses were made for Christians."

Uttering these words the peasant woman motioned me to the hearth. All the spinners made way for me; and I took my seat by the young mother, while the mistress of the hut threw upon the fire an armful of dry brambles. A long silence ensued, the laws of Breton hospitality forbidding the host to question a guest until he has himself spoken. At last I asked how far I was from Tréguier.

"Three leagues and two-thirds of another," answered the peasant woman; "but the waters are out, and the road is dangerous without a guide."

"Will one of your men serve me as such?"

"The men of this place have gone to Newfoundland in the *St. Pierre*."

"What, all?"

"All. The master perhaps knows that those of the same parish embark together when they can?"

"And you are expecting their return?"

"Every day."

"Ah! yes," exclaimed one of the spinners, with a sigh; "may God protect them! The other vessels have returned to Bréhat, to Saint Brieuc—every where. The *St. Pierre* is the only one that delays."

"And yet," continued a second woman, with emphasis, "it is quite time the men returned."

"Indeed! Why?" I asked.

She pointed to the peasant girl who sat beside me on the hearth. "Ask Dinah, there, how many bushels of barley she has left in her bin," said she.

The young peasant blushed.

"Not to mention that she owes me as many measures of milk as her child numbers days," added the mistress of the house.

"Or that her landlord has threatened to sell her furniture," added a third.

"So that," continued the first speaker, "I have advised her to pray that the sailors of the *St. Pierre* may be successful in their fishing, and get a double share!"

"I only pray God to bring Jean back," said the girl, pressing her infant to her breast.

I was struck with the sad and profoundly passionate tone in which these words were uttered, and I turned and looked at Dinah. She was a beautiful woman, not more than four-and-twenty; and notwithstanding the rather masculine style of her beauty, there was something extremely gentle about her. Her carriage was upright, her forehead high, and her feet were firmly planted on the hearth; with one arm she held her sleeping infant on her bosom, the other being motionless by her side. There was in the proud yet flexible lines of her countenance, in her half-parted lips, and black eyes, ever ready to vail themselves with their long lashes, an expression of wild, untamable pride—tempered, however, with an intensity of caressing tenderness. After a second she perceived that I was observing her, and turned away in some embarrassment. But while I was thus engaged the conversation had continued among the spinners, each of whom was talking of what she would do when the *St. Pierre* had returned.

"I shall pay a visit to the town, and, for once, eat my fill of wheaten bread," said one.

"My brother has promised me a silver ring worth thirty blancs," said another.

"I shall buy a mass for my mother's soul."

"I shall go to St. Ann's absolution."

"And you, Dinah," I asked, "what will you do when Jean returns?"

"I shall put his child into his arms, and we shall be united again," she answered, with a blush.

At this moment the black cow at the end of the hut put her head over the low partition which kept her out of the room, and lowed.

"There is some one approaching," said the mistress of the house.

As she spoke a sharp blow shook the door, and a rough voice was heard without. "Is there room for the poor in this dwelling?" it asked.

"Anaïk Timor!" exclaimed all the women.

"Anaïk!" repeated Dinah, involuntarily pressing her infant closer.

"But who is she?" I asked.

"A beggar who reads the future and tells fortunes," replied the mistress of the hut.

"Is there room for the poor in this house?" repeated the voice, impatiently.

"Let her in, or she will make mischief among us," remarked Dinah.

A spinner rose and opened the door, and Anaïk Timor appeared. She was a little old woman, whose tattered garments revealed, in various parts, her withered limbs. She carried at her back a coarse canvas wallet, from which peeped the neck of a bottle, and held in her other hand a prickly stick, hardened in the fire. The snow, which had drifted into the folds of her dirty and ragged clothes, gave a speckly appearance to their dull color; and several locks of gray hair, stiff with frost, hung like icicles around her wrinkled cheeks. Her gray eyes had the sharp yet vacillating expression peculiar either to insanity or intoxication.

She stopped short in the middle of the room and shook herself, uttering at the same time a low growl. "Much trouble you give yourself to receive old Timor," said she, throwing a discontented glance around. "You let her knock, and do not answer."

"We were not expecting you," replied the woman of the house, a little embarrassed.

"No—no one ever expects me!" growled Anaïk. "What does it matter to those who sit by the warm hearth that others are freezing outside? But take care; every one has their turn!"

Although I was well acquainted with the privileges accorded to beggars in this part of the country, and had been accustomed to see them, when once admitted, place themselves on a perfect equality with the masters, I was astonished at the imperious, not to say menacing, tone assumed by the old woman. While thus scolding she relieved herself of her wallet, and having deposited it in a corner, advanced to the hearth, where she perceived me. "Ah! there is a gentleman here," said she, stopping short, and fixing her piercing glance on me; "a gentleman with fine linen, a watch—Jann had one, too—and gold ear-rings, and ribbons in his shoes! While Jann lived old Timor was not obliged to knock at people's doors with a beggar's staff! But he has gone to rejoin his father and sisters! So now every one tramples on the widow who has buried her only son." And she began to croon, almost unintelligibly,

"J'avais neuf fils que j'avais mis au monde; et
voilà que la mort est venue me les prendre—.
Me les prendre sur le seuil de notre porte, et je
n'ai personne pour me donner une goutte d'eau."

While she murmured this song she knelt down on the hearth-stone, and extended her skeleton hands over the fire, whose dying gleams flickered over the sparkling rime in her hair. Her haggard, restless eyes wandered, meanwhile, from face to face, till they fell upon Dinah, when a flash of hatred crossed her features. "You here, you raven?" she cried. "What business have you among honest folks—you, the rope-maker's daughter?"

I glanced at Dinah, who turned very pale. The words "rope-maker's *daughter*" explained the young girl's timidity, and the vague feeling of ill-will evinced toward her by her neighbors. She belonged to the race of *Kakous*, still esteemed among the peasantry of Bretagne an accursed one.

"You carry yourself mighty high!" continued Anaïk, "because a young man of the village took it into his head to like you—because you have a young child! I, too, had a husband and children. But wait a little; it is just a year since I foretold you evil days—"

"Why do you wish me ill, Timor?" asked Dinah, in a gentle, timid voice.

"Why? Do you ask me why? Has not your husband chased me from his door?"

"Because your taunts made me weep."

"My taunts!" repeated Anaïk. "I called you the *rope-maker's daughter!* Was it not true? And yet Jean declared I was drunk! He threatened me—yes, he threatened me, old Timor!—ah! ah! ah! He thought he had set his foot on the viper; but it can sting yet! An hour is coming when I shall be revenged on all who have despised me—who have made me wait at the door! Ay, ay, good folks, your pride will have a fall, and your misfortunes will come from Tréguier!"

"From Tréguier?" repeated Dinah, quickly. "Have you seen any one from there?"

"I have," replied the beggar.

"What! this night?"

"Just now."

"And did you hear any news?"

"A ship has arrived."

"The *St. Pierre?*" exclaimed every voice.

Anaïk glanced wickedly around, and laughed aloud.

"No; a Saxon* ship."

The spinners uttered an exclamation of disappointment. "Heaven confound those pagan islanders!" spitefully exclaimed one. "I thought it had been our people."

"These Saxons have also been to Newfoundland," observed Timor.

"Do they bring any news of the *St. Pierre?*" asked Dinah, disturbed by the beggar's malicious smile.

The latter did not appear to have heard her.

"They stopped to drink at Marechs; and as the captain could speak French, I heard what he said."

"And what was it about?"

"He talked of pieces of ice as large as mountains, which float in those seas and crush the vessels."

"And he has seen such?"

"He has seen them."

"And he has heard of shipwrecks?"

"No; but on his way home he met with spars and masts."

"The wreck of ships?"

"And on one of the planks he found the words, '*St. Pierre.*'"

This speech of Anaïk Timor's fell like a thunderbolt among the spinners, who dropped their spindles.

"The *St. Pierre!*" they all exclaimed. "He said the *St. Pierre?*"

"Of Tréguier."

"You quite understood, you are sure?"

"Sure."

Then their despair burst forth. I, too, had been startled by this announcement; but the beggar's smile excited my suspicions.

"Do not believe her," I cried; "she is trying to terrify you; she is tipsy!" and, addressing Timor, "You did not see the English captain, nor did he say that the *St. Pierre* had been wrecked. You lie, you wicked *groach!*"

At this name, which in Bretagne signifies the worst of sorcerers, the beggar's eyes glared, and she rose with a savage growl. "Ah, hearken to him!" she exclaimed, stamping her foot upon the hearth, "hearken how the gentleman speaks to old Anaïk! I lie, and I am drunk—good! Let the women consult the warnings; let them listen if the sea-water does not drip, drop by drop, at the foot of their bed; let those who have broken their twelfth-cake look and see if the share of the absent is not spoiled.† Ah, Timor is a *groach*—good, good! God will answer both the gentleman and the women of Loc Evar. God has his own signs, and drowned men can speak!"

"Listen!" interrupted Dinah, who had risen, pale and trembling.

We listened, and distinguished, mingling with the bursts of the tempest, the notes of a hymn. It soon became more distinct, and, as it approached, we were able to distinguish the voices, which were singing the *Cantique des âmes*.

At the first sound of this most lugubrious hymn the women all crowded together in an agony of terror; I, myself, struck by this apparent answer to Timor's appeal, remained motionless, as if fascinated; but, as the voices began to die away, I darted to the door of the hut, and took several steps outside. As far as my eye could penetrate the darkness the valley was entirely deserted, the snow continuing its silent descent, and the hurricane still raging upon the mountain.

During this scene Anaïk Timor was the only one who remained unmoved. On re-entering I found her standing erect, gazing triumphantly at the frightened women. Suddenly her eyes rested on me.

"Ah, ah! I was a fool!" she cried; "just now some one said that old Timor lied!"

"And she has not yet given proof to the contrary," I replied, making a strong effort to regain my composure.

"Has not the gentleman heard the voices?"

"I have heard some pilgrims, who, as they passed, were chanting a hymn." She looked at me fiercely, and shook her head.

"Good! that is the way they talk in towns. No one in the town believes in the soul; they treat their dead as so many dogs, that rot entirely in the hole in which they are flung. Well, well! God will yet teach the heathens what he can do. Perhaps the gentleman means to deny that those who have just passed are the drowned sailors of the *St. Pierre!*"

"And the gentleman would be right," interrupted a grave voice. I turned; a priest stood on the threshold.

The women rose, exclaiming, "The recteur!"

The latter advanced slowly into the room, and fixed a severe look upon Anaïk Timor.

"What business have you here?" he asked, abruptly.

"The poor have a right to go wherever there is a morsel of bread to be found among Christians," whined the beggar.

"It was not hunger," replied the priest, "but your wicked delight at being the bearer of evil tidings that brought you so late along our road."

"Then the beggar has told the truth!" cried Dinah, with a palpitating heart.

"No, not entirely," replied the priest.

"Then what is the news?"

"The English vessel which is now at Tréguier has not only brought news of the loss of the *St. Pierre*; it has brought, also, those whom it saved."

"Saved! They are saved?"

"At least a part of the crew," replied the priest. "When the wreck occurred, six men made a vow, that if it pleased God to save them they would come, barefooted and vailed, to hear the mass that I should say for them at the altar of the Holy Virgin."

"And those six—?"

"Are saved."

"Where are they?—where are they?"

"You have just heard them pass."

The women rushed tumultuously to the door.

"Stop!" cried the recteur, barring their passage. "You can not see them."

"Are they not here?"

"They are here; but they have all vowed not to lift their vails till after the holy service."

"Their names—at least their names!" cried the excited Dinah.

"It would be a violation of their oath," replied the priest; "for they have sworn that neither to wife, to mother, nor to sister, will they make themselves known till after the accomplishment of their vow. Respect their solemn promise made before God."

There was a cry of despair, and, as it seemed, a moment of hesitation. Each woman named aloud her father, son, brother, or husband, endeavoring to glean some answer from the recteur's face, as name after name was pronounced; but the priest, immovable, continued to invoke the sanctity of the vow, and to entreat them to submit to its conditions. At last several, listening only to the promptings of their grievous impatience, exclaimed that, at whatever cost, they must know their fate. The recteur vainly attempted to detain them; they rushed to a second door, and opened it, precipitately.

"Go, then," he cried, indignantly; "go, violate the sacred vow made before God. But tremble lest he punish your sacrilege, and the first who lifts the vails of the shipwrecked men seek in vain him she expects!"

Dinah, who was in the act of going, suddenly recoiled.

"Ah, I will not go," she cried, terrified.

"Submit yourself, and pray," he replied, authoritatively; "your suspense can endure only for a short time. Bear it unmurmuringly, as a punishment for your many sins. Be you one of the happy or of the afflicted, endeavor to bend to His divine will. Let each of you consider herself from this moment a widow, or an orphan; let her heart accept this sacrifice, and if he she mourns presently issue from the tomb, let her regard it as a miracle, for which it will be her duty to thank God as long as she lives."

The women burst into tears and fell on their knees.

The recteur endeavored to calm them, addressing to each some especial consolation. He reminded them of Mary's devout resignation, the holy patroness of broken hearts; and having announced that he was on his way to celebrate a mass for the deliverance of the shipwrecked mariners, he made them promise to accompany him to the church, and join their prayers to his.

All followed, with the exception of Dinah, who, turning abruptly on her heel, ran up to old Timor, who was seated by the hearth, and seized her hand.

"You know who are saved?" she asked, in a voice choking with emotion.

"Who? I!" replied Anaïk.

"You must have met them at Tréguier."

"Well?"

"Jean! Where is Jean?"

The beggar sneered.

"The priest desired you to wait."

"No!" exclaimed Dinah, who had sunk upon her knees, with clasped hands and wandering eyes; "no, tell me, I conjure you, Anaïk, if you have seen Jean—if you have recognized him. Oh, a mere sign to say Yes; or, if he has perished—well, still let me know it! Better to die at once than wait! Anaïk, Anaïk! Ah, do not—do not refuse me!"

"And what will you give me for my news?" asked the beggar.

"All that I have!" cried Dinah. "What will you have? Here—my ebony beads—my cross? Here they are."

"They are not enough."

"Well, then, take the gold ring he gave me. Take all, Anaïk—all that I have in the world."

And she knelt at the old woman's feet, pressing her child against her bosom with one hand, while, with the other, she offered her cross, ring, and beads. Timor held her thus for several instants, as if expiring beneath her glance; then, bursting into a wild laugh, she said,

---

* Spinning party.

* The Bretons call the English Saxons.

† A sign among the Bretons which announces the death of the absent.

"You may keep them all; for to torment you is better than any thing you can offer me!"

Dinah rose with a bound, and darted out of the cabin.

I was too interested in the result to remain behind, and followed her.

She ran through the hamlet, and we reached the church together. The women were all there, the tapers burned upon the altar, the choristers were in their places. Suddenly the door of the sacristy opened, and the six shipwrecked men appeared, enveloped in white shrouds, which effectually concealed their persons.

A smothered groan burst from the women; several names escaped amidst their sobs, but the vails remained immovable.

It were vain to attempt to describe the awful solemnity of the scene which followed. The silence which reigned throughout the church was broken only by the voice of the priest; and if, for a moment, a murmur were audible, it rose as if to remind the murmurer of patience, and the sound died away!

What sublime power has the will over the human soul! Every woman there was awaiting the decree that was to influence the remainder of her life; yet each, with her hands clasped upon her bosom, knelt motionless before the altar.

I glanced round in search of Dinah, and discovered her kneeling in the porch, her face raised to heaven, her arms hanging powerless by her sides, and her babe lying before her, like a victim awaiting the blow, with no intention of evading it.

At last the recteur pronounced the blessing. A shudder ran through the crowd, and the moment that followed was one of intense agony. Every head was strained, and all arms were extended toward the altar.

"Put your trust in the Lord!" said the priest; and, taking by the hand the man who stood nearest to him, he made him step forward, and raised the shroud! There was a scream; and the next instant he folded his wife to his heart!

The priest raised the second shroud, and then the others. As each vail fell to the ground a scream of joy resounded, echoed by a sorrowful murmur; but as the last fell, loud groans and sobs of despair burst forth.

I turned quickly to where Dinah knelt. She was in the same place, in the same attitude, still gazing intently in the direction of the altar. All the vails had been raised, and still she sought Jean.

* * * * * * *

I passed the rest of the night at the parsonage, while the recteur occupied himself in offering consolation to the orphans and widows. At break of day I resumed my journey to Tréguier.

The storm had ceased; and the sun, unencumbered by mist, shone joyously in the heavens; the birds, under its enlivening influence, flew among leafless branches glittering with frost; the hawthorn hedges had shaken off their robes of snow, and displayed their ruddy berries; all creation seemed to revive under the warm breath of spring, which passed over the frozen earth.

Just before descending the hill I turned to give a last look at the desolated village I was quitting, and perceived, in the distance, Dinah, Jean's widow, descending the opposite slope, her child in her arms and a mendicant's white staff in her hand.

THE MUSICAL REVIEW.

I.

CRASHING through the crotchets,
Dashing past the bars,
Flashing o'er the quavers,
Higher than the stars:
All the world is present,
Leader in a stew;
Gracious! what a pleasant
Musical Review!

II.

Training all the summer,
Do-ra-fa,—mi sol!—
La! se each poor drummer
Bound to win Fame's goal:
Polka, waltz, and schottisch
Blunder'd, thunder'd through;
Till poor B—— cries "*Vat isch,*
What isch dat you DO?"

III.

Now begins the battle
From the younger throats;
Grand pianos rattle
Whole broadsides of notes.
Nothing can be finer,
["*Saving when 'tis through!*"]
And so ends the minor
Musical Review.

IV.

Study!—study!—study!—
All the livelong hours;
Till each brain, grown muddy,
Half forgets its powers.
Readin', 'Ritin', 'Rithme-
Tic, till Time grows "blue"—
Bothers all end with the
Musical Review.

V.

P'r'aps a trip to Bash-Bish,
Or to Hunter's Cave;
P'r'aps a "walk"—quite solemn—
Now and then we'd have;
But not a dash of "moonshine,"
Not a drop of dew,
Till 'tis spoiled by sunshine,
Can we ever view.

VI.

No sweet, handsome "cousins,"
Cozening our dear aunts—
Sweet-hearts, by the dozens,
Glancing glance for glance!
No dear, dark Othellos
Watching all you do,
Whose long "lectures" tell us
"Pranks" we never knew.

VII.

Now they'll soon be over—
Lectures, "marks," re-marks—
For, fire-fly-like, in clover,
Sparkling with the sparks;
Or, with *verbal* posies,
Saying "How d'ye do?"
Bouqueting with the *Beau-ses*—
["*Don't you wish 'twere* YOU?"]

VIII.

"Hear me, Norma!"—listen!—
["*Silence!—and sit down!*"]
Angels' eyes might glisten—
["*Don't they do it Brown?*"]
Now an air from Bella;—
["*Go it while you're young!*"]
Pretty, sparkling Stella!—
Now, then, for a song!

IX.

Like a Saint Cecilia,
In a seraph choir;
Like a 'lorn Ophelia,
"Higher still, and higher!"
But my brain grows dizzy
With excess of su-
Gar! if there's Elysi-
Um! 'tis our "Review."

X.

Now, there comes the crisis—
Candies, cakes, and cream—
Worshipers of *Isis*,
I'll commune with them!
Sweetnesses in 'lusion
Mingle with sweet airs;
All things in profusion,
["Only, only—*chairs!*"]

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

CHAPTER III.

Mr. Vance explains how he came to grind colors and save half-pence.—A sudden announcement.

THE meal was over — the table had been spread by a window that looked upon the river. The moon was up; the young men asked for no other lights; conversation between them—often shifting, often pausing—had gradually become grave, as it usually does, with two companions in youth; while yet long vistas in the Future stretch before them deep in shadow, and they fall into confiding talk on what they wish—what they fear; making visionary maps in that limitless Obscure.

"There is so much power in faith," said Lionel, "even when faith is applied but to things human and earthly, that let a man be but firmly persuaded that he is born to do, some day, what at the moment seems impossible, and it is fifty to one but what he does it before he dies. Surely, when you were a child at school, you felt convinced that there was something in your fate distinct from that of the other boys—whom the master might call quite as clever—felt that faith in yourself which made you sure that you would be one day what you are."

"Well, I suppose so; but vague aspirations and self-conceits must be bound together by some practical necessity—perhaps a very homely and a very vulgar one—or they scatter and evaporate. One would think that rich people in high life ought to do more than poor folks in humble life. More pains are taken with their education; they have more leisure for following the bent of their genius; yet it is the poor folks, often half self-educated, and with pinched bellies, that do three-fourths of the world's grand labor. Poverty is the keenest stimulant, and poverty made me not say, 'I *will* do,' but 'I *must*.'"

"You knew real poverty in childhood, Frank?"

"Real poverty, covered over with sham affluence. My father was Genteel Poverty, and my mother was Poor Gentility. The sham affluence went when my father died. The real poverty then came out in all its ugliness. I was taken from a genteel school, at which, long afterward, I genteelly paid the bills; and I had to support my mother somehow or other—somehow or other I succeeded. Alas, I fear not genteelly! But before I lost her, which I did in a few years, she had some comforts which were not appearances; and she kindly allowed, dear soul, that gentility and shams do not go well together. Oh! beware of debt, *Lionello mio*; and never call that economy meanness which is but the safeguard from mean degradation."

"I understand you at last, Vance; shake hands; I know why you are saving."

"Habit now," answered Vance, repressing praise of himself, as usual. "But I remember so well when twopence was a sum to be respected, that to this day I would rather put it by than spend it. All our ideas, like orange-plants, spread out in proportion to the size of the box which imprisons the roots. Then I had a sister." Vance paused a moment as if in pain, but went on with seeming carelessness, leaning over the window-sill, and turning his face from his friend. "I had a sister older than myself, handsome, gentle. I was so proud of her! Foolish girl! my love was not enough for her. Foolish girl! she could not wait to see what I might live to do for her. She married—oh! so genteelly!—a young man, very well born, who had wooed her before my father died. He had the villainy to remain constant when she had not a farthing, and he was dependent on distant relations and his own domains in Parnassus. The wretch was a poet! So they married. They spent their honey-moon genteelly, I dare say. His relations cut him. Parnassus paid no rents. He went abroad. Such heart-rending letters from her! They were destitute. How I worked! how I raged! But how could I maintain her and her husband too, mere child that I was? No matter. They are dead now, both; all dead for whose sake I first ground colors and saved half-pence. And Frank Vance is a stingy, selfish bachelor. Never revive this dull subject again, or I shall borrow a crown from you, and cut you dead. Waiter, ho!—the bill. I'll just go round to the stables, and see the horse put to."

As the friends re-entered London Vance said, "Put me down any where in Piccadilly; I will walk home. You, I suppose, of course, are staying with your mother in Gloucester Place?"

"No," said Lionel, rather embarrassed; "Colonel Morley, who acts for me as if he were my guardian, took a lodging for me in Chesterfield Street, Mayfair. My hours, I fear, would ill suit my dear mother. Only in town two days; and, thanks to Morley, my table is already covered with invitations."

"Yet you gave me one day, generous friend!"

"You the second day—my mother the first. But there are three balls before me to-night. Come home with me, and smoke your cigar while I dress."

"No; but I will at least light my cigar in your hall—prodigal!"

Lionel now stopped at his lodging. The groom, who served him also as valet, was in waiting at the door. "A note for you, Sir, from Colonel Morley—just come." Lionel hastily opened it, and read:

"MY DEAR HAUGHTON,—Mr. Darrell has suddenly arrived in London. Keep yourself free all to-morrow, when, no doubt, he will see you. I am hurrying off to him. Yours in haste,
A. V. M."

CHAPTER IV.

Once more Guy Darrell.

GUY DARRELL was alone. A lofty room in a large house, on the first floor. His own house in Carlton Gardens, which he had occupied during his brief and brilliant parliamentary career; since then, left contemptuously to the care of a house-agent, to be let by year or by season, it had known various tenants of an opulence and station suitable to its space and site. Dinners and concerts, routes and balls, had assembled the friends and jaded the spirits of many a gracious host and smiling hostess. The tenure of one of these temporary occupants had recently expired, and ere the agent had found another the long-absent owner dropped down into its silenced halls as from the clouds, without other establishment than his old servant Mills and the woman in charge of the house. There, as in a caravanserai, the traveler took his rest, stately and desolate. Nothing so comfortless as one of those large London houses all to one's self. In long rows against the walls stood the empty *fauteuils*. Spectral from the gilded ceiling hung lightless chandeliers. The furniture, pompous, but worn by use and faded by time, seemed mementoes of departed revels. When you return to your own house in the country—no matter how long the absence—no matter how decayed by neglect the friendly chambers may be—if it has only been deserted in the mean while (not let to new races, who, by their own shifting dynasties, have supplanted the rightful lord, and half-effaced his memorials), the walls may still greet you forgivingly, the character of *Home* be still there. You take up again the thread of associations which had been suspended, not snapped. But it is otherwise with a house in cities, especially in our fast-living London, where few houses descend from father to son—where the title-deeds are rarely more than those of a purchased lease for a term of years, after which your property quits you. A house in London, which your father never entered, in which no elbow-chair, no old-fashioned work-table, recalls to you the kind smile of a mother—a house that you have left as you leave an inn, let to people whose names you scarce know, with as little respect for your family records as you have for theirs. When you return after a long interval of years to a house like that, you stand as stood Darrell — a forlorn stranger under your own roof-tree. What cared he for those who had last gathered round those hearths with their chill, steely grates—whose forms had reclined on those formal couches—whose feet had worn away the gloss from those costly carpets? Histories in the lives of many might be recorded within those walls. Lovers there had breathed their first vows; bridal feasts had been held; babes had crowed in the arms of proud young mothers; politicians there had been raised into ministers; ministers there had fallen back into "independent members;" through those doors corpses had been borne forth to relentless vaults. For these races and their records what cared the owner? Their writing was not on the walls. Sponged out as from a slate, their reckonings with Time, leaving dim, here and there, some chance scratch of his own, blurred and by-gone. Leaning against the mantle-piece, Darrell gazed round the room with a vague, wistful look, as if seeking to conjure up associations that might link the present hour to that past life which had slipped away elsewhere; and his profile, reflected on the mirror behind, pale and mournful, seemed like that ghost of himself which his memory silently evoked.

The man is but little altered externally since we saw him last, however inly changed since he last stood on those unwelcoming floors; the form still retained the same vigor and symmetry—the same unspeakable dignity of mien and bearing—the same thoughtful bend of the proud neck—so distinct, in its elastic rebound, from the stoop of debility or age. Thick as ever the rich mass of dark brown hair, though, when in the impatience of some painful thought, his hand swept the loose curls from his forehead, the silver threads might now be seen shooting here and there—vanishing almost as soon as seen. No, whatever the baptismal register may say to the contrary, that man is not old—not even elderly; in the deep of that clear gray eye light may be calm, but in calm it is vivid; not a ray, sent from brain or from heart, is yet flickering down. On the whole, however, there is less composure than of old in his mien and bearing—less of that resignation which seemed to say, "I have done with the substances of life." Still there was gloom, but it was more broken and restless. Evidently that human breast was again admitting, or forcing itself to court, human hopes, human objects. Returning to the substances of life, their movement was seen in the shadows which, when they wrap us round at remoter distance, seem to lose their trouble as they gain their width. He broke from his musing attitude with an abrupt, angry movement, as if shaking off thoughts which displeased him, and gathering his arms tightly to his breast, in a gesture peculiar to himself, walked to and fro the room, murmuring inaudibly. The door opened; he turned quickly, and with an evident sense of relief, for his face brightened. "Alban, my dear Alban!"

"Darrell—old friend — old school-friend—dear, dear Guy Darrell!" The two Englishmen stood, hands tightly clasped in each other, in true English greeting—their eyes moistening with remembrances that carried them back to boyhood.

Alban was the first to recover self-possession; and when the friends had seated themselves, he surveyed Darrell's countenance deliberately, and said: "So little change!—wonderful! What is your secret?"

"Suspense from life—hybernating. But you beat me; you have been spending life, yet seem as rich in it as when we parted."

"No; I begin to decry the present and laud the past—to read with glasses, to decide from prejudice, to recoil from change, to find sense in twaddle—to know the value of health from the fear to lose it—feel an interest in rheumatism, an awe of bronchitis—to tell anecdotes and to wear flannel. To you in strict confidence I disclose the truth—I am no longer twenty-five. You laugh—this is civilized talk; does it not refresh you after the gibberish you must have chattered in Asia Minor?"

Darrell might have answered in the affirmative with truth. What man, after long years of solitude, is not refreshed by talk, however trivial, that recalls to him the gay time of the world he remembered in his young day—and recalls it to him on the lips of a friend in youth! But Darrell said nothing; only he settled himself in his chair with a more cheerful ease, and inclined his relaxing brows with a nod of encouragement or assent.

Colonel Morley continued. "But when did you arrive? whence? How long do you stay here? What are your plans?"

DARRELL. "Cæsar could not be more laconic. When arrived?—this evening. Whence?—Ouzelford. How long do I stay?—uncertain. What are my plans?—let us discuss them."

COLONEL MORLEY. "With all my heart. You have plans, then?—a good sign. Animals in hybernation form none."

DARRELL (Putting aside the lights on the table, so as to leave his face in shade, and looking toward the floor as he speaks). "For the last five years I have struggled hard to renew interest in mankind, reconnect myself with common life and its healthful objects. Between Fawley and London I desired to form a magnetic medium. I took rather a vast one—nearly all the rest of the known world. I have visited both Americas—either Ind. All Asia have I ransacked, and pierced as far into Africa as traveler ever went in search of Timbuctoo. But I have sojourned also, at long intervals—at least they seemed long to me—in the gay capitals of Europe (Paris excepted); mixed, too, with the gayest—hired palaces, filled them with guests—feasted and heard music. 'Guy Darrell,' said I, 'shake off the rust of years—thou hadst no youth while young. Be young now. A holiday may restore thee to wholesome work, as a holiday restores the wearied school-boy.'"

COLONEL MORLEY. "I comprehend; the experiment succeeded?"

DARRELL. "I don't know—not yet—but it may; I am here, and I intend to stay. I would not go to a hotel for a single day, lest my resolution should fail me. I have thrown myself into this castle of care without even a garrison. I hope to hold it. Help me to man it. In a word, and without metaphor, I am here with the design of re-entering London life."

COLONEL MORLEY. "I am so glad. Hearty congratulations! How rejoiced all the Viponts will be! Another 'CRISIS' is at hand. You have seen the newspapers regularly, of course—the state of the country interests you. You say that you come from Ouzelford, the town you once represented. I guess you will re-enter Parliament; you have but to say the word."

DARRELL. "Parliament! No. I received, while abroad, so earnest a request from my old constituents to lay the foundation-stone of a new Town-hall, in which they are much interested, and my obligations to them have been so great, that I could not refuse. I wrote to fix the day as soon as I had resolved to return to England, making a condition that I should be spared the infliction of a public dinner, and landed just in time to keep my appointment—reached Ouzelford early this morning, went through the ceremony, made a short speech, came on at once to London, not venturing to diverge to Fawley (which is not very far from Ouzelford), lest, once there again, I should not have strength to leave it—and here I am." Darrell paused, then repeated, in brisk, emphatic tone: "Parliament? No. Labor? No. Fellow-man, I am about to confess to you; I would snatch back some days of youth—a wintry likeness of youth—better than none. Old friend, let us amuse ourselves! When I was working hard—hard—hard—it was you who would say: 'Come forth, be amused' —You happy butterfly that you were! Now, I say to you: 'Show me this flaunting town that you know so well; initiate me into the joy of polite pleasures, social commune—

'Dulce mihi furere est amico.'

You have amusements—let me share them."

"Faith," quoth the Colonel, crossing his legs, "you come late in the day! Amusements cease to amuse at last. I have tried all, and begin to be tired. I have had my holiday, exhausted its sports; and you, coming from books and desk fresh into the playground, say, 'Football and leapfrog.' Alas! my poor friend, why did not you come sooner?"

Darrell. "One word, one question. You have made EASE a philosophy and a system; no man ever did so with more felicitous grace; nor, in following pleasure, have you parted company with conscience and shame. A fine gentleman ever, in honor as in elegance. Well, are you satisfied with your choice of life? Are you happy?"

"Happy—who is? Satisfied—perhaps!"

"Is there any one you envy—whose choice, other than your own, you would prefer?"

"Certainly."

"Who?"

"You."

"I!" said Darrell, opening his eyes with unaffected amaze. "I! envy me! prefer my choice!"

Colonel Morley (peevishly). "Without doubt. You have had gratified ambition—a great career. Envy you! who would not? Your own objects in life fulfilled; you coveted distinction—you won it; fortune—your wealth is immense; the restoration of your name and lineage from obscurity and humiliation—are not name and lineage again written in the *Libro d'oro?* What king would not hail you as his councilor? what senate not open its ranks to admit you as a chief? what house, though the haughtiest in the land, would not accept your alliance? And withal, you stand before me stalwart and unbowed, young blood still in your veins. Ungrateful man! who would not change lots with Guy Darrell? Fame, fortune, health, and, not to flatter you, a form and presence that would be remarked, though you stood in that black frock by the side of a monarch in his coronation robes."

Darrell. "You have turned my questions against myself with a kindliness of intention that makes me forgive your belief in my vanity. Pass on—or rather pass back; you say you have tried all in life that distracts or sweetens. Not so; lone bachelor, you have not tried wedlock. Has not that been your mistake?"

Colonel Morley. "Answer for yourself. You have tried it." The words were scarce out of his mouth ere he repented the retort. For Darrell started as if stung to the quick; and his brow, before serene, his lip, before playful, grew, the one darkly troubled, the other tightly compressed. "Pardon me," faltered out the friend.

Darrell. "Oh yes; I brought it on myself. What stuff we have been talking! Tell me the news—not political—any other. But first, your report of young Haughton. Cordial thanks for all your kindness to him. You write me word that he is much improved—most likeable; you add that at Paris he became the rage—that in London you are sure he will be extremely popular. Be it so, if for his own sake. Are you quite sure that it is not for the expectations which I come here to dissipate?"

Colonel Morley. "Much for himself, I am certain; a little, perhaps, because, whatever he thinks and I say to the contrary—people seeing no other heir to your property—"

"I understand," interrupted Darrell, quickly. "But he does not nurse those expectations? he will not be disappointed?"

Colonel Morley. "Verily I believe that, apart from his love for you, and a delicacy of sentiment that would recoil from planting hopes of wealth in the graves of benefactors, Lionel Haughton would prefer carving his own fortunes to all the ingots hewed out of California by another's hand, and bequeathed by another's will."

"I am heartily glad to hear and to trust you."

"I gather from what you say that you are here with the intention to—to—"

"Marry again," said Darrell, firmly. "Right. I am."

"I always felt sure you would marry again. Is the lady here, too?"

"What lady?"

"The lady you have chosen?"

"Tush—I have chosen none. I come here to choose; and in this I ask advice from your experience. I would marry again! I—at my age! Ridiculous! But so it is. You know all the mothers and marriageable daughters that London—*arida nutrix*—rears for nuptial altars—where, among them, shall I, Guy Darrell, the man whom you think so enviable, find the safe helpmate whose love he may reward with munificent jointure, to whose child he may bequeath the name that has now no successor, and the wealth he has no heart to spend?"

Colonel Morley—who, as we know, is by habit a match-maker, and likes the vocation—assumes a placid but cogitative mien, rubs his brow gently, and says, in his softest, best-bred accents, "You would not marry a mere girl? some one of suitable age? I know several most superior young women on the other side of thirty—Wilhelmina Prymme, for instance, or Janet—"

Darrell. "Old maids. No—decidedly no!"

Colonel Morley (suspiciously). "But you would not risk the peace of your old age with a girl of eighteen, or else I do know a very accomplished, well brought-up girl; just eighteen —who—"

Darrell. "Re-enter life by the side of Eighteen! Am I a madman?"

Colonel Morley. "Neither old maids, nor young maids; the choice becomes narrowed. You would prefer a widow. Ha! I have thought of one! a prize, indeed, could you but win her —the widow of—"

Darrell. "Ephesus! Bah! suggest no widow to me. A widow, with her affections buried in the grave!"

Morley. "Not necessarily. And in this case—"

Darrell (interrupting, and with warmth). "In every case, I tell you, no widow shall doff her weeds for me. Did she love the first man? fickle is the woman who can love twice. Did she not love him? why did she marry him? perhaps she sold herself to a rent-roll? Shall she sell herself again to me, for a jointure? Heaven forbid! Talk not of widows. No dainty so flavorless as a heart warmed up again."

Colonel Morley. "Neither maids, be they old or young, nor widows. Possibly you want an angel. London is not the place for angels."

Darrell. "I grant that the choice seems involved in perplexity. How can it be otherwise, if one's self is perplexed? And yet, Alban, I am serious; and I do not presume to be so exacting as my words have implied. I ask not fortune, nor rank beyond gentle blood, nor youth, nor beauty, nor accomplishments, nor fashion; but I do ask one thing, and one thing only."

"What is that? you have left nothing worth the having to ask for."

"Nothing! I have left all. I ask some one whom I can love—love better than all the world —not the *mariage de convenance*, not the *mariage de raison*, but the *mariage d'amour*. All other marriage, with vows of love so solemn, with intimacy of commune so close—all other marriage, in my eyes, is an acted falsehood—a varnished sin. Ah! if I had thought so always! But away, regret and repentance! The Future alone is now before me. Alban Morley, I would sign away all I have in the world (save the old house at Fawley), ay, and after signing, cut off, to boot, this right hand, could I but once fall in love; love, and be loved again, as any two of Heaven's simplest human creatures may love each other while life is fresh! Strange, strange —look out into the world; mark the man of our years who shall be most courted, most adulated, or admired. Give him all the attributes of power, wealth, royalty, genius, fame. See all the younger generations bow before him with hope or awe; his word can make their fortune; at his smile a reputation dawns. Well; now let that man say to the young, 'Room among yourselves—all that wins me this homage I would lay at the feet of Beauty. I enter the lists of love,' and straightway his power vanishes, the poorest booby of twenty-four can jostle him aside; before the object of reverence he is now the butt of ridicule. The instant he asks right to win the heart of woman, a boy whom, in all else, he could rule as a lackey, cries, 'Off, Graybeard! *that* realm at least is mine!'"

"This were but eloquent extravagance, even if your beard were gray. Men older than you, and with half your pretensions, even of outward form, have carried away hearts from boys like Adonis. Only choose well; that's the difficulty —if it was not difficult who would be a bachelor!"

"Guide my choice. Pilot me to the haven."

"Accepted! But you must remount a suitable establishment; reopen your way to the great world, and penetrate those sacred recesses where awaiting spinsters weave the fatal web. Leave all to me. Let Mills (I see you have him still) call on me to-morrow about your *ménage*. You will give dinners, of course?"

"Oh, of course. Must I dine at them myself?"

Morley laughed softly, and took up his hat.

"So soon," cried Darrell. "If I fatigue you already, what chance shall I have with new friends?"

"So soon! it is past eleven. And it is you who must be fatigued."

"No such good luck; were I fatigued, I might hope to sleep. I will walk back with you. Leave me not alone in this room—alone in the jaws of a Fish; swallowed up by a creature whose blood is cold."

"You have something still to say to me," said Alban, when they were in the open air; "I detect it in your manner—what is it?"

"I know not. But you have told me no news; these streets are grown strange to me. Who live now in yonder houses? once the dwellers were my friends."

"In that house—oh, new people; I forget their names—but rich—in a year or two, with luck, they may be exclusives, and forget *my* name. In the other house, Carr Vipont, still."

"Vipont; those dear Viponts! what of them all? crawl they? sting they? Bask they in the sun? or are they in anxious process of a change of skin?"

"Hush, my dear friend; no satire on your own connections; nothing so injudicious. I am a Vipont, too, and all for the family maxim— 'Vipont with Vipont, and come what may!'"

"I stand rebuked. But I am no Vipont. I married, it is true, into their house, and they married, ages ago, into mine; but no drop in the blood of time-servers flows through the veins of the last childless Darrell. Pardon. I allow the merit of the Vipont race; no family more excites my respectful interest. What of their births, deaths, and marriages?"

Colonel Morley. "As to births, Carr has just welcomed the birth of a grandson; the first-born of his eldest son (who married last year a daughter of the Duke of Halifax)—a promising young man, a Lord in the Admiralty. Carr has a second son in the —— Hussars; has just purchased his step: the other boys are still at school. He has three daughters too, fine girls, admirably brought up; indeed, now I think of it, the eldest, Honoria, might suit you; highly accomplished—well read, interests herself in politics—a great admirer of intellect—of a very serious turn of mind, too."

Darrell. "A female politician with a serious turn of mind—a farthing rushlight in a London fog! Hasten on to subjects less gloomy. Whose funeral Achievement is that yonder?"

Colonel Morley. "The late Lord Niton's, father to Lady Montfort."

Darrell. "Lady Montfort! Her father was a Lyndsay, and died before the Flood. A deluge, at least, has gone over me and my world since I looked on the face of his widow."

Colonel Morley. "I speak of the present Lord Montfort's wife—the Earl's. You of the poor Marquis's—the last Marquis—the marquisate is extinct. Surely, whatever your wanderings, you must have heard of the death of the last Marquis of Montfort!"

"Yes, I heard of that," answered Darrell, in a somewhat husky and muttered voice. "So he is dead, the young man!—What killed him?"

Colonel Morley. "A violent attack of croup—quite sudden. He was staying at Carr's at the time. I suspect that Carr made him talk! a thing he was not accustomed to do: deranged his system altogether. But don't let us revive painful subjects."

Darrell. "Was she with him at the time?"

Colonel Morley. "Lady Montfort?—No; they were very seldom together."

Darrell. "She is not married again yet?"

Colonel Morley. "No, but still young, and so beautiful, she will have many offers. I know those who are waiting to propose. Montfort has been only dead eighteen months—died just before young Carr's marriage. His widow lives, in complete seclusion, at her jointure-house near Twickenham. She has only seen even me once since her loss."

Darrell. "When was that?"

Morley. "About six or seven months ago; she asked after you with much interest."

Darrell. "After me!"

Colonel Morley. "To be sure. Don't I remember how constantly she and her mother were at your house? Is it strange that she should ask after you? You ought to know her better—the most affectionate, grateful character."

Darrell. "I dare say. But at the time you refer to I was too occupied to acquire much accurate knowledge of a young lady's character. I should have known her mother's character better, yet I mistook even that."

Colonel Morley. "Mrs. Lyndsay's character you might well mistake—charming but artificial: Lady Montfort is natural. Indeed, if you had not that liberal prejudice against widows, she was the very person I was about to suggest to you."

Darrell. "A fashionable beauty, and young enough to be my daughter! Such is human friendship! So the marquisate is extinct, and Sir James Vipont, whom I remember in the House of Commons—respectable man—great authority on cattle—timid, and always saying, '*Did* you read that article in to-day's paper?' —has the estates and the earldom."

Colonel Morley. "Yes. There was some fear of a disputed succession, but Sir James made his claim very clear. Between you and me, the change has been a serious affliction to the Viponts. The late Lord was not wise, but on State occasions he looked his part—*tres Grand Seigneur*—and Carr managed the family influence with admirable tact. The present Lord has the habits of a yeoman; his wife shares his tastes. He has taken the management not only of the property, but of its influence, out of Carr's hands, and will make a sad mess of it, for he is an impracticable, obsolete politician. He will never keep the family together—impossible —a sad thing. I remember how our last muster, five years ago next Christmas, struck terror into Lord ——'s Cabinet; the mere report of it in the newspapers set all people talking and thinking. The result was, that, two weeks after, proper overtures were made to Carr—he consented to assist the Ministers—and the Country was saved! Now, thanks to this stupid new Earl, in eighteen months we have lost ground which it took at least a century and a half to gain. Our votes are divided, our influence frittered away; Montfort House is shut up, and Carr, grown quite thin, says that, in the coming 'CRISIS' a Cabinet will not only be formed, but will also last—last time enough for irreparable mischief—without a single Vipont in office."

Thus Colonel Morley continued in mournful strain, Darrell silent by his side, till the Colonel reached his own door. There, while applying his latch-key to the lock, Alban's mind returned from the perils that threatened the House of Vipont and the Star of Brunswick, to the petty claims of private friendship. But even these last were now blended with those grander interests, due care for which every true patriot of the House of Vipont imbibed with his mother's milk.

"Your appearance in town, my dear Darrell, is most opportune. It will be an object with the whole family to make the most of you at this coming 'CRISIS'—I say coming, for I believe it must come. Your name is still freshly remembered—your position greater for having been out of all the scrapes of the party the last sixteen or seventeen years; your house should be the nucleus of new combinations. Don't forget to send Mills to me; I will engage your *chef* and your house-steward to-morrow. I know just the men to suit you. Your intention to marry, too, just at this moment, is most seasonable; it will increase the family interest. I may give out that you intend to marry?"

"Oh, certainly—cry it at Charing Cross."

"A club-room will do as well. I beg ten thousand pardons; but people will talk about money whenever they talk about marriage. I should not like to exaggerate your fortune—I know it must be very large, and all at your own disposal—eh?"

"Every shilling."

"You must have saved a great deal since you retired into private life?"

"Take that for granted. Dick Fairthorn receives my rents, and looks to my various investments; and I take him as my indisputable authority when I say that, what with the rental of lands I purchased in my poor boy's lifetime, and the interest on my much more lucrative moneyed capital, you may safely whisper to all ladies likely to feel interest in that diffusion of knowledge, 'Thirty-five thousand a year, and an old fool.'"

"I certainly shall not say an old fool, for I am the same age as yourself; and if I had £35,000 a year I would marry too."

"You would! Old fool!" said Darrell, turning away.

THE GREAT PARIS SEWER.

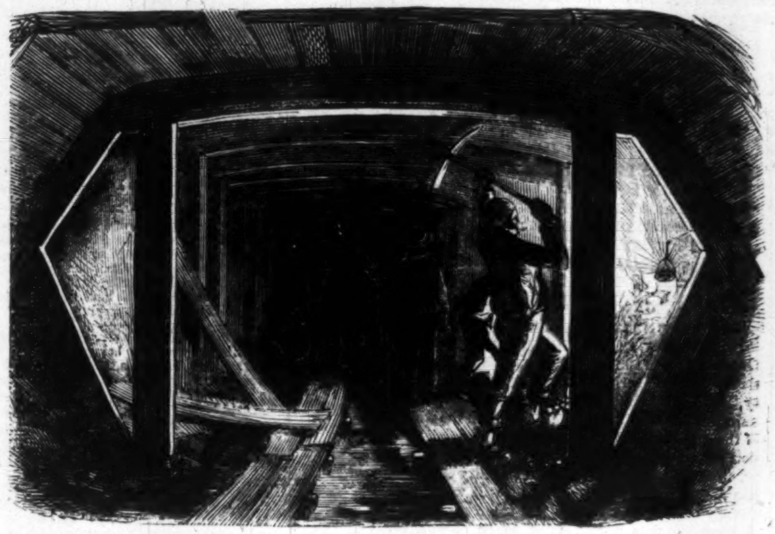
The great argument, according to some authorities, in favor of the authenticity of the regal history of Rome, is the existence of the *Cloaca Maxima*, the great sewer, by which the city of Rome was drained two thousand three hundred years since, and parts of which serve the same useful purpose to-day.

The accompanying illustrations demonstrate that the Emperor Napoleon the Third is minded to leave an equally substantial monument of his reign. Under his orders, a gigantic sewer has been constructed in Paris with a view of carrying all the rain-water and drain-stuff from all the minor drains on the right side of the Seine into that river near the Bridge of Asnières. This monstrous work is even larger than the Cloaca Maxima of Rome, of which it has been said that a loaded cart could be driven through it. The main tunnel—of which we herewith present a vertical section—is about eighteen feet wide, and fourteen feet high. Feeders of various sizes, communicating with street and house drains, traverse the curb on either side, and disembogue themselves into the stream which flows through the bed prepared for it. This bed is nearly eleven feet wide, by a trifle over four feet deep; so that it may be considered a small river. In dry seasons it is calculated that the drain-stuff will keep the sewer bed pretty full; in rainy seasons every preparation is made for the overflow of the water. The cavities which the reader will remark in the walls of the sewer are doors of escape for those who may be surprised by a sudden rush of water into the drain and an overflow of the curb. They are provided with safety ladders communicating with dry land above. Such precautions are the more necessary as, in the very rainy seasons which sometimes occur in Paris, it is estimated that the flow of water from above may absolutely fill the whole tunnel, and would of course drown any unfortunate workman who happened to be in it at the time the torrent began.

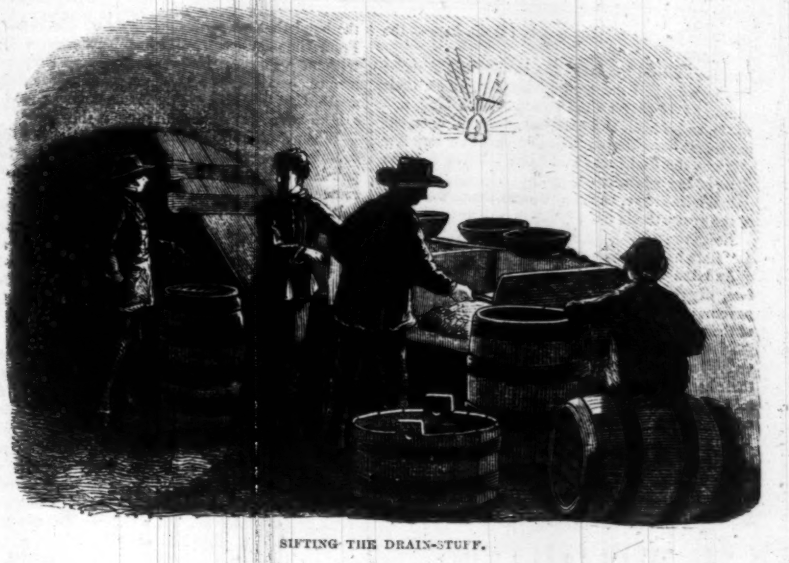
The tunnel itself is about three miles long altogether. It is destined to carry off the drain-stuff not only from Paris itself but from the populous suburbs of Menilmontant and Montmartre. To provide against any rise or fall in the Seine which might interfere with the steady flow of liquid outward from the sewer, it is supplied with a system of locks at the point where it joins the river.

The great London drains have been latterly the subject of much curious inquiry. Though they are neither as large nor as scientifically constructed as this Paris sewer, they are nevertheless very capacious subterranean tunnels, and may, with proper care, be traversed by visitors from end to end. The great danger to be apprehended on such an expedition is from the rats. The sewer rat is a peculiar variety of the genus. From feeding upon garbage their bite becomes venomous. At those great dog and rat fights which are common among the sporting men of London, the owner of the dog invariably stipulates that no sewer rat shall be introduced. Like church-vault rats, these denizens of the sewers become very fierce and bold when in a numerous body. They have frequently been known to attack the scavengers while engaged in their work.

A few years since, an unfortunate man, who had been reduced by intemperance to the position of scavenger, was sent down into one of the great London sewers to make the usual examinations— to clear away obstructions, and to inspect the solid matter which is gathered at gratings placed at intervals in the sewers. He was a very corpulent man, and much bloated by the use of ardent spirits. He descended into the sewer late in the afternoon, promising to return by nightfall. Night came, and he did not return. Unhappily no one thought enough about him to inquire what had become of him, or, if the idea occurred to any one, it was not unnaturally conjectured that he had emerged and had gone to the nearest tavern, as his wont was. Next morning his wife and child appeared at the office to inquire after him. Their questions aroused



BUILDING THE SEWER.



SIFTING THE DRAIN-STUFF.

the attention of the agent in charge, and he directed a couple of men to descend instantly into the sewer in search of him.

They found a horrid spectacle on descending into that abode of filth and darkness. The unfortunate man lay with part of his body in the turbid stream, his head against the side of the sewer. He was quite dead, and almost fleshless. When the two men first saw him, they estimated that a thousand rats were at work devouring him. Around him lay many score of dead rats, whose corpses attested the vigor with which he had defended his life. His cheeks, nose, and eyes were gone. His intestines were mostly devoured, and the bulk of the flesh was gnawed from his legs and arms. At the first approach of the new-comers, the rats evinced a strong disposition to contest possession of the corpse. As the men approached they flew at them with tiger-like ferocity. To drive them away, the scavengers were compelled to resort to a well-known method: by a mixture of chemical ingredients they produced an ammoniacal flame which rats can not endure, and by this means recovered possession of the horrid skeleton of their unhappy comrade.

Old scavengers have been heard to declare that they had rather meet a well-armed burglar than a squad of these sewer rats on a foraging expedition, unless they were provided with their chemicals. The peculiar mode of attack of the sewer rat indeed renders him a most formidable enemy. The sewer rat, when he has resolved upon an attack, runs with peculiar swiftness upon his adversary, and in a twinkling ascends his legs to a vital part. At the moment the man aims a blow at the rat who is dashing at his feet, the vermin is biting his stomach or his throat. If the rats are numerous, and the man has no means of defense but a common weapon, he must find an avenue of escape or he is gone. These safety ladders have been added to the Paris sewer partly with this view.

At the locks at the extremity of the Paris sewer proper gratings are provided to facilitate an examination of the matter which passes through the drain into the river. It may not be generally known that Pactolus, with all his golden sands, did not flow to the sea more richly freighted than the great sewers of metropolitan cities. The slime, and filth, and garbage, and refuse of all kinds which roll their unfragrant bulk through the underground channel contain, every day, the most precious products of human industry and ingenuity. If the sewerage stuff of New York could be sifted thoroughly, the right of retaining the valuables buried in the filth would be worth a princely fortune. In London, the scavengers constantly find in the sewers such articles as bank-notes, valuable papers of various kinds, lace handkerchiefs and trimmings, pieces of silk (sometimes whole, having evidently been thrown into the sewers by thieves who were chased and took that method of getting rid of the evidence of their crime), jewelry of every kind, rings, bracelets, ear-rings, breast-pins, chains, pocket-books, purses, silver spoons and forks, small articles of plate, etc., etc., etc. Of these, many find their way into the sewers through the carelessness of servants. Thieves—under a police pressure—contribute others. The balance are articles dropped in the street which the first rain naturally floats into the common receptacle.

The Paris sewer was somewhat impeded in its progress by the necessity of guarding against a landslip in parts where the earth above had an unusual weight to bear. In one part of its course it passes under a railway. This part was considered peculiarly dangerous, and, until the sewer was complete, the railway company was prohibited from running heavy trains over the spot; even the lightest trains were ordered to proceed as slowly as possible on approaching that point. When the London drains were opened they met with very different obstacles. At several points they intersected with subterranean channels, which, up to that time, had remained quite unknown to the police. These channels, or tunnels, had been used for generations, it is supposed, by thieves and malefactors. Some of them led to the Thames; into these murdered bodies were thrown, and left to float out into the river. Others were convenient channels of escape for burglars and other criminals when hard pressed by the police. The English novelist, Harrison Ainsworth, turned the discoveries of unlawful subterranean passages to good account in his "Jack Sheppard" and other romances, which were published at the time the construction of the sewers led to these discoveries.

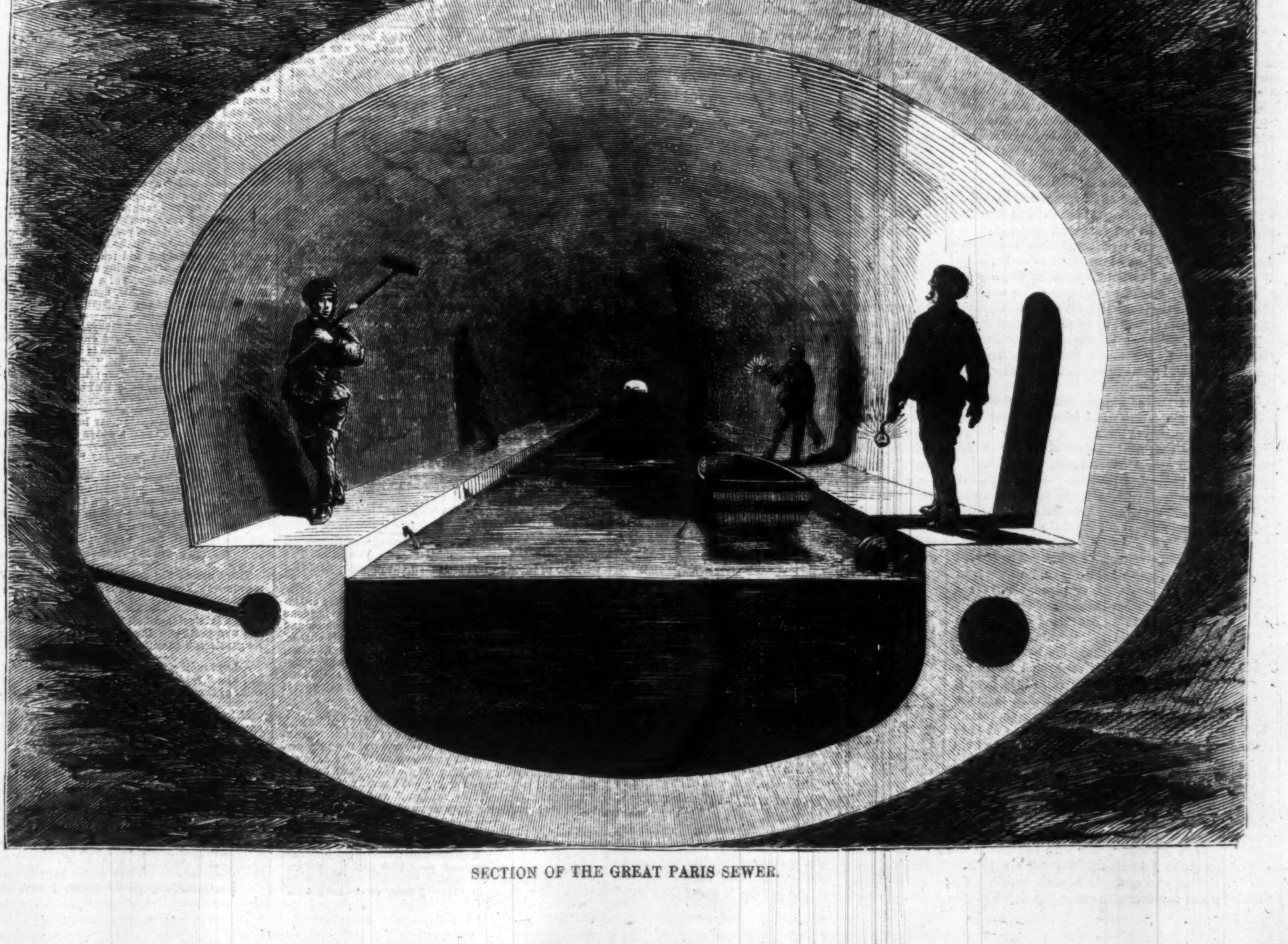
Even in modern times criminals have frequently sought refuge in sewers. Some years since, under one of the last Bourbons, the police and public of Paris were appalled by the commission of an atrocious crime. An old lady and her daughter—both members of the first society of Paris, and the latter one of its fairest ornaments—were discovered murdered in the house which they occupied alone. It was evident that they had been robbed and shockingly abused previous to death. Circumstances, which need not be here repeated, pointed to two notorious villains, who had lately been released from prison, as the criminals. All Paris was on the alert. The King, the municipality, the family of the murdered ladies, and various prominent citizens offered high rewards for the detection of the scoundrels, and that large body of idlers who are ready for any thing instantly turned detectives for the nonce, and gave their aid to the regular police. Not a nook or cranny in the old city was left unexplored, but all without result. Suddenly, in the midst of the excitement, one of the principal sewers became choked up. The consequences were so disagreeable that measures were at once taken to discover the stoppage, and a very few hours' work brought to light the bodies of the two criminals jammed into a narrow part of the old sewer, and perfectly embedded in a mass of filth and garbage. From the position in which they were found it seemed likely that they had tried, after finding refuge in the sewer, to make their way out of it, probably in search of food; but that, whether from incaution or accident, they had contrived to jam themselves into a corner from which they had not the power to creep out. The effluvia would soon cause death in such a case.

The old Dublin story may serve as a pendant to this. Many years ago, as people were trudging along Sackville Street, in Dublin, on a bright morning, a voice was heard issuing from the mouth of a sewer—"Help! help! I'm stifling! Good Lord—good people, get me out!"

In an instant the street was crowded with people, and the police, who had attempted to take the lead in investigating the matter, were roughly driven aside. Half a dozen sympathetic individuals volunteered to communicate with the imprisoned tenant of the sewer.

"Where are ye, darlint?" shouted they, with their noses in the dirt.

"Sure it's in the drain I am, honey; an' av ye



SECTION OF THE GREAT PARIS SEWER.

don't get me out mighty quick, I'll die here—the smell is killin'."

"He's alive!" shouted the leaders of the mob; and to work fell the crowd instantly, under their command, to tear up the street. With pick, and spade, and shovel, and crow-bar, they fell upon the pavement—working so furiously that in a very few minutes the drain was laid bare. There were no signs of the prisoner.

"Where are ye, honey?" roared one of the chiefs of the sympathetic mob.

No answer.

"Sure he's fainted—the poor crathur!"

And the crowd fell to, more ardently than before, digging and delving, till a full acre of the pavement of the street was torn up. Still no signs of the miserable prisoner were seen.

Just at that moment a squadron of horse-police arrived at the scene of action, and the mob took to their heels instinctively. The magistrates had been told that a clever ventriloquist had played the trick on the mob, without dreaming of the consequences. But it is generally believed to this day, among the people of Dublin, that the voice came from a poor Irish patriot, whom the ruthless Saxons stifled to death in the drain, sorra.

Miscellany.

INCOME.

No one is less respected than a man who muddles away a large income, nobody knows how. For all expenditure there should be something to show, and that something ought to have either usefulness, or dignity, or permanence to recommend it. But every now and then we meet with cases of expenditure perfectly mysterious. A man of princely inheritance or preferment does nothing, makes no figure, helps nobody, has no expensive taste, yet not only spends every sixpence of his income, but gets into difficulties. His domain is neglected, his house ill-furnished, his equipages shabby, his servants ill-paid, his subscriptions in arrears, his hospitality mean, his sons stinted, his daughters portionless, his estate encumbered; in fact, every thing goes to rack and ruin about him. Instead of performing his part in sustaining the great fabric of society, as far as his influence extends, there is one vast dilapidation. He may be said to crumble and crash in every direction. Nobody can say where the money is gone. It has not benefited friends, assisted dependents, built churches, fertilized the soil, ornamented the country, delighted the town, or done any thing that a man can lay his hand upon. It has all been dribbled and fribbled away on hollow pretenses and petty occasions, without either system or object; it has won neither gratitude, nor admiration, nor respect.

ARTICLES OF FOOD.

BESIDES varieties in the staple articles of food, there are the infinite varieties of fancy. The Chinese make delicacies of rats and of birdsnests; the French, of frogs. The ancients, who carried epicureanism to lengths never dreamed of by aldermen, thought the hedgehog a tit-bit, and had a word to say in favor of the donkey, which they placed on an equality with the ox; dogs they considered equal to chickens, and even cats were not to be despised. The pork which we eat with great confidence, they considered, and not untruly, the least digestible of animal meats, fit only for artisans and athletes. They ate snails, at which we shudder, with the gusto we acknowledge in oysters. It would be difficult to persuade the American stomach to dine, in full consciousness, off a "sirloin of donkey," flanked by "ribs of dog, with fried toad-stools." Is this repugnance only prejudice, or were Greek dogs and donkeys more succulent than ours?

DIOGENES AND HIS TUB.

EVERY body has heard of Diogenes and his tub. All may not know, perhaps, that the tub was an article of pottery, and not very easy to make.

"The principal vases of terra-cotta manufactured by the Greeks were large tubs or casks, called *pithoi*, calculated to hold enormous quantities of wine or food; *amphoreis*, or vases of a smaller size, yet sufficiently large to hold several gallons; *phialæ*, or saucers; *pinakes*, or plates; *chytræ*, or pots; *œnochoæ*, or jugs; together with numerous small vases used for common domestic purposes, and others which appear to have been appropriated solely to funeral ceremonies.

"*Pithoi*, or casks, of gigantic size, are found in Italy; and although no perfect ones have been discovered in Greece, yet fragments of them prove that they were also used in that country. They are shaped like enormous caldrons, with globular bodies and wide gaping mouths. When full, the mouth was covered with a large circular stone, called *kithôn*. It must have been into such a cask that Glaucus, the son of Minos, fell; and in such must the Centaurs, according to mythical tradition, have kept their stock of wine. They were sufficiently capacious to hold a man, and were, in fact, the ancient hogsheads, or pipes. They are perhaps best known from the circumstance of the eccentric Diogenes having converted one of them into his domicile; who is represented in some works of ancient art stretching his body out of a *pithos* at the moment of his celebrated interview with Alexander. They were used to hold honey, wine, and figs. It required great skill to make such vases; hence the Greek proverb characterized an ambitious but inexperienced man as 'one who began with a cask.' They were made by a peculiar process, which is described as plastering the clay round a certain frame-work of wood, the *pithos* being too large to be turned on the lathe."

SALT.

THE wild buffalo frequents the salt licks of Northwestern America; the wild animals in the central parts of Southern Africa are a sure prey to the hunter who conceals himself beside a salt spring; and our domestic cattle run peacefully to the hand that offers them a taste of this luxury. From time immemorial it has been known that without salt man would miserably perish; and among horrible punishments, entailing certain death, that of feeding culprits on saltless food is said to have prevailed in barbarous times.

When Cook and Forster landed in Otaheite they astonished the natives, who saw them eating white powder with every morsel of meat; and every one remembers Man Friday's expressive repudiation of salt. But the savages who ate no "white powder" ate fish, and cooked their flesh in sea-water rich in salt. In several parts of Africa men are sold for salt; and on the Gold Coast it is the most precious of all commodities. On the coast of Sierra Leone a man will sell his sister, his wife, or his child for salt, not having learned the art of distilling it from the sea.

The properties of salt are manifold. It forms one of the essential conditions of vital processes. It renders albumen soluble, and is necessary for digestion, being decomposed in the stomach into hydrochloric acid for the gastric process, and soda for the bile. It has also a most important property, namely, that of regulating the interchange of fluids through the walls of the vessels, in accordance with that law of *endosmosis* on which so many vital processes depend, but which we can not stop now to explain. So great are the services of salt that we may confidently indorse the statement of Dr. Bence Jones, that it is "a substance as essential to life as nitrogenous food or non-nitrogenous food and water;" and if so essential, then assuredly Food.

CONSECRATION OF AGE.

OLD SIMONIDES—old Mimnermus—old Theognis—old Solon—old Anacreon—old Sophocles—old Pindar—old Hesiod—old Homer—and old Methuselah! What mean we by the word old? All these men are old in three lights; they lived to a raven age—long, long ago—and we heard tell of them in our youth. Their glory dawned on us in a dream of life's golden prime—and far away seems now that dawn, as if in another world, beyond a million seas! In that use of the word "old," far from us is all thought of dotage or decay. Old are those great personages as the stars are old; a heaven there is in which are seen shining, forever young, all the most ancient spiritual "orbs of song." How full of endearment "old boy!"—"old girl!"—"old Christopher North!"—"Old Maga!" To our simplest sayings age seems to give a consecration which youth reverses.—*Recreations of Christopher North.*

THE OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT DISSECTED.

Books in the Old	39
Books in the New	27
Chapters in the Old	929
Chapters in the New	260
Verses in the Old	23,214
Verses in the New	7,959
Words in the Old	592,439
Words in the New	181,253
Letters in the Old	2,728,100
Letters in the New	838,380
APOCRYPHA.	
Chapters	183
Verses	6,081
Words	152,185

The middle chapter and the least in the Bible is Psalm 117.

The middle verse is the 8th of the 118th Psalm.

The word *and* occurs in the Old Testament 35,543 times; in the New, 10,684 times.

The word *Jehovah* occurs 6855 times.

OLD TESTAMENT.

Middle book, Proverbs.

Middle chapter, Job 29th.

Middle verses, 2d Chronicles, 20th Chapter, 17th and 18th verses.

Least verse, 1st Chronicles, 1st Chapter, and 1st verse.

NEW TESTAMENT.

Middle book, Thessalonians 2d.

Middle chapters, 13th and 14th Romans.

Middle verse, 17th Acts, 17th verse.

Least verse, 11th Chapter John, verse 35.

The 21st verse of the 7th Chapter of Ezra has all the letters of the alphabet.

19th Chapter of 2d Kings and 37th of Isaiah are alike.

The above took three years in casting.—*Gentleman's Magazine*, 1778.

COMING TO CONSCIENCE.

A COUNTRY minister was about to leave his own congregation for the purpose of visiting the metropolis on what was by no means a pleasant errand—to beg on behalf of his place of worship. Previous to his departure he called the principal persons connected with his charge, and said to them, "Now I shall be asked whether we have conscientiously done all that we can for the removal of this debt; what answer am I to give? Brother So-and-so, can you in conscience say that you have?" "Why, Sir," he replied, "if you come to conscience, I don't know that I can." The same question he put to a second and a third, and so on, and similar answers were returned, till the whole sum required was subscribed, and there was no longer any need of their pastor's wearing out his soul in coming to the city on any such unpleasant excursion.

HELPING THE DYING.

I HAVE often noted a difference in the sympathy with the dying in the rich and in the poor. With the former, there is generally great caution used that the sick should not think themselves going; if it is to be discovered, it is rather in a more delicate attention, a more affectionate look, which the sick can not at all times distinguish from the ordinary manner. The poor, on the contrary, tell the sick at once, and without any circumlocution, that they will never get over it. Is it that the shock is less to the poor—that they have fewer objects in this world for which life might be desirable? But this is sometimes dangerous. I was once going to visit a poor woman, and met the parish surgeon, and inquired for his patient. He told me the room was full of friends and neighbors all telling her she couldn't last long; and, said he, "I make no doubt she will not, for she is sinking because she thinks she is dying; yet I see no other reason why she should, and I could not get one to leave the room." I entered; my authority had a better effect. I turned all but one out of the room, and then addressed the woman, who was apparently exhausted and speechless. I told her exactly what the surgeon had said, and that she would not die, but be restored to her children and husband. The woman positively started, raised herself in bed, and said, with an energy of which I did not think her capable, "What, am I not dying? sha'n't I die? No! Then, thank the Lord, I sha'n't die." I gave strict orders that none should be admitted; and the woman did recover, and has often thanked me for having saved her life. Clergymen should be aware of this propensity in the poor, that, when mischievous, they may counteract it.—*Rev. John Eagles.*

TURNING SMOKE INTO GOLD.

HIS pipe often furnished Raleigh with an opening for displaying his ready wit to the Queen. One day he was conversing on the singular properties of the new herb. "I can assure your Majesty," said he, "that I have so well experienced the nature of it, that I can exactly tell even the weight of the smoke in any quantity I consume." "I doubt it much, Sir Walter," replied Elizabeth, who thought only of the impracticability of weighing smoke in a balance, "and I will wager you twenty angels that you do not solve my doubt." A quantity was agreed upon to be thoroughly smoked. Carefully preserving the ashes, Raleigh weighed these with great exactness, and what was deficient of the original weight he gave as the result. "Your Majesty," said he, "can not deny that the difference hath evaporated in smoke." "Truly, I can not," answered the queen. Then turning to those around her, she said, in allusion to the alchemists, then very numerous—"Many laborers in the fire have I heard of who turned their gold into smoke, but Raleigh is the first who has turned smoke into gold."

THINGS WISE AND OTHERWISE.

WHEN you bury animosity don't set a stone up over its grave.

"Come in out of the wet," as the shark said when he swallowed the boy.

If you want to know whether a tree is hollow or not, axe it.

"Squibbs" "wants to know" if doctors, by looking at the tongue of a wagon, can tell what ails it?—*Exchange.*

Persons who are not doctors can often tell, by listening to a waggin' tongue, what ails its owner.

The papers occasionally speak of persons said to be "drowned while skating." We apprehend that the unfortunate persons mentioned must have stopped skating before they began to drown.

An assembled family, as the legacy to each was read aloud, sobbed and wished that the father had lived to enjoy his own fortune. At last came the bequest to his heir: "I give my eldest son Tom a shilling to buy a rope to hang himself with."

"Would to God," said Tom, sobbing like the rest, "that my poor father had lived to enjoy it himself!"

Lord Dormer and Mr. Edward Monckton both stuttered dreadfully. Once, upon the occasion of their meeting in London, Mr. Monckton, seeing Lord Dormer making a vain attempt to give utterance to his words, said to him, "My dear lo-or-ord, wh-y do-n't you go to the man that cu-cur-cured me?"

An old lady being very sorely afflicted with a disorder usually denominated hysterics, imagined she could not breathe, and appealed to her husband on the occasion with, "Mr. ——, I can't breathe." "Well, my dear," returned the afflicted husband, "I would not try; for nobody wants you to."

"Can you tell me what becomes of old horses?" asked a man of an investigating turn of mind, of our friend George, lately in the livery line here. "Why," said George, thoughtfully, shutting his left eye, "the final end of 'em is that they get traded off!"

Many persons fancy themselves friendly, when they are only officious. They counsel not so much that you would become wise, as that they should be recognized as teachers of wisdom.

"Lad, you know that brass thing the feller gin me for my trunk there at the dépôt?"

"Yes."

"Well, 'twan't nothin' but brass, was it?"

"No, I 'spose not."

"Good! Wa'al, I tucked it on to that hackman back there for a quarter, and he went off satisfied."

Jonathan found out what kind of a game he had played when he saw the hackman present his check and take his trunk from the baggage-master, in spite of his own loud protestations that it belonged to him.

The following rich scene recently occurred in one of our courts of justice, between the Judge and a Dutch witness all the way from Rotterdam:

JUDGE. "What's your native language?"

WITNESS. "I pe no native."

JUDGE. "What is your mother tongue?"

WITNESS. "Ich hab no mudder, Mynheer."

JUDGE (*in an irritable tone*). "What did you first learn? What language did you speak in the cradle?"

WITNESS. "I tid not speak no language in the cradle; I only cry in Dootch!"

Then there was a general laugh, in which the Judge, jury, and audience, joined. The witness was interrogated no further about his native language.

A parson once prefaced his sermon with: "My friends, let us say a few words before we begin."

This is about equal to the chap who took a short nap before he went to sleep.

If you would be loved as a companion, avoid unnecessary criticism upon those with whom you live. The number of people who have taken out judges' patents for themselves is very large in any society.

A new recruit, coming into action, followed the example of his comrades, and loaded his musket. Having done this, he placed the breech of his piece on the ground, and appeared to be anxiously endeavoring to draw his charge. One of his comrades, observing him, sung out, "Jim, why don't you fire, and let 'em have it, boy?" "Because," replied Jim, "I doesn't dare to; I shall hurt somebody, for I've got a ball in my gun, and can't get it out!"

A love-smitten gentleman, after conversing a while with his dulcinea on the interesting topic of matrimony, concluded, at last, with a declaration, and put the very emphatic question of, "Will you have me?" "I am very sorry to disappoint you," replied the lady, "and hope my refusal will not give you pain; but I must answer—no." "Well, well, that will do, madam," said her philosophical lover; "and *now suppose we change the subject.*"

A lady, apparently very submissive before marriage, was observed to use her tongue pretty freely after. "There was a time," remarked an intimate friend to her husband, "when I almost imagined your wife had no tongue." "Yes," answered the husband, "but it's very *long* since; 'we stand upon another footing now,' as the *song says.*"

JENNY. "Well, Annie, how did you get along with that stupid fool of a lover of yours? Did you succeed in getting rid of him?"

ANNIE. "Oh, yes! I got rid of him very easily. I married him, and have no lover now."

Dr. Busby, whose figure was much under the common size, was one day accosted in a coffee-room by an Irish baronet of colossal stature with, "May I pass to my seat, O giant?" when the Doctor, politely making way, replied, "Pass, O pigmy!" "Oh, Sir," said the baronet, "my expression referred to the size of your intellect." "And my expression, Sir," said the Doctor, "to the size of yours."

The will of Governor Blatchett, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, proved in 1783, contains the following singular clause: "I desire my body to be kept so long as it may not be offensive, and that one of my toes or fingers may be cut off, to secure a certainty of being dead. I further request my dear wife, that as she has been troubled with one old fool, she will not think of marrying a second."

A romantic young lady fell into the river, the other day, and was near drowning; but succor being fortunately at hand, she was drawn out senseless, and carried home. On coming to, she declared to her family that she must marry him who had saved her.

"Impossible," said her papa.

"What, is he already married?"

"Certainly not."

"Wasn't it that interesting young man who lives here in our neighborhood?"

"Dear me, no—it was a Newfoundland dog!"

"You musicians ought to be happy fellows," said H., the other day, to a band-master. "Why?" said the leader. "Because you need never want for money; for when your funds run short, you have only to put your instrument to your lips and—raise the wind."

Those prone to dissipate should look at dissipation's practical effects, and they will turn from it in disgust.

While carking care and deep humiliation,
  In tears are mingled with our daily bread,
And the rude blasts we never thought could reach us,
  Have spent their wrath on each defenseless head,

Let us be cheerful! the same sky o'erarches,
  Soft rains fall on the evil and the good;
On narrow walls, and through our humbler dwelling,
  God's glorious sunshine pours as rich a flood.

Faith, hope, and love, still in our hearts abiding,
  May bear their precious fruits in us the same;
And to the couch of suff'ring we may carry,
  If but the cup of water in His name.

The Count de Noe, one of the prominent men of the State under the monarchy, has just died at Paris, at an advanced age. The Count de Noe (Noah in English) dated his paternity almost to the day when the ark found a resting-place on Mount Ararat. He had three sons, whom he called after Noah's sons, Shem, Ham, and Japhet.

We saw an Irishman trying to sell a chain to a gentleman. "What do you suppose I should want of the chain?" asked the man. "To hang yourself wid, maybe!" was Pat's ready reply.

Rousseau, the infidel author of a system of domestic education, sent all his own children to the foundling hospital.

Earn your own bread, and see how happy you will be! Work, and see how well you will be! Work, and see how cheerful you will be! Work, and see how independent you will be! Work, and see how happy your family will be!

A German correspondent has been trying his hand upon rendering into English some specimens of American humor from one of the newspapers of his own tongue. He writes:

"On a Hudson steamer I came down at night, some months ago, listening with joyful attention to the unsurpassed narratives of a young fellow-merchant, which he, for entertainment of the society, communicated as experienced by himself during his sojourn in California.

"'To give you an utter image of that land,' so began he, 'the soil is there of so large a difference, than any where under the sun; but as rich and fertile, as in many a part of California I never saw another. On digging, I found once a ground so monstrously fat, that one pound of earth gave two pounds of grease!

"'The rivers, you know, are exceedingly impregnated with gold; but they are extremely narrow, too. Even one of them is so undescribably small, that it has only one shore.

"'While speaking of the rivers—yes, gentlemen, they are also crooked into enormous curvities. I am not able to describe it sufficiently, but I'll try it. Imagine the utmost curved thing in the world, if it be multiplied by itself, and the number producted taken double—so may you get a quite low idea of the curvity that show the rivers in California.

"'After some time I became acquainted with a very honest American family, which had formerly been wealthy and happy, now was reduced and compelled to the utmost sparingness and frugality. The lady of the house was therefore very exceedingly sparing, and made, for example, the tea so unspeakably thin that it was too weak to run out of the can alone.'

"'On a plantation a poor nigger being severely prosecuted by a poisonous snake, made a good many attempts to avoid her, dodged and leaped from one angle of the spot to the other—then seeing at last he couldn't escape it at all—ran into the shape of a knot, when the snake, imitating all his movements, entangled itself to the same shape, and—he was saved.'"

One of the religious papers says, that "in Wayne County, Virginia, there is only about one-quarter of a slave to a square mile, and that fraction is daily melting away, like a tallow candle by a hot fire." This is a species of cruelty we never heard of before: taking a quarter of a negro and melting him daily like a tallow candle by a hot fire!

A man in Boston came near losing his life a few days since by swallowing half a dozen false teeth while asleep.

Indemnity for the past—pay up; Security for the future—pay down.

In a single building in Boston, last week, there was a prayer-meeting on one floor, a boxing exhibition in the room above, and a calico ball in the upper hall. A passage from one room of the edifice to another would have given a good illustration of Pope's line:

"From grave to gay, from lively to severe."

There are at the present time upward of 40,000 women in New York who sew for a living, and they get along only so-so at that.

At a late colored ball in New York the following notice was posted on the door-post: "Tickets fifty cents. No gentleman admitted unless he comes himself."

A boy reading the verse, "This is the heir, come let us kill him," read out, "This is the *hair comb*," and the noise of the other boys drowned the remainder.

Milo Standish, of Moscow, is a "poeter," and on the occasion of his wife's departure from his bed and board, he published the following advertisement in the Jonesville *Independent*:

NOTICE.

Whereas, my wife Elizabeth is not dead,
But has deliberately left my board and bed,
To parts unknown incontinently fled,
With no provoking reason or just cause,
According to our State's enacted laws,
When legal wife commits so sad an act,
This is to notify each one concerned,
That I shall pay no debts she may contract,
Since now to me her truant back is turned;
She mustn't spend the money I have earned.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

NEW YORK, *Monday, April* 12, 1858.

THE Wholesale Produce Markets opened pretty briskly and buoyantly for breadstuffs, yet they closed heavily and languidly, with more offering....Cotton has been in good demand, and has advanced....Provisions have been more sought after at firmer prices....Sugars, Rice, and Coffee have attracted considerable attention at full quotations....Hay, Hops, and Grass Seeds have been in moderate demand at about previous figures....Tobacco and Wool have been lightly dealt in at unchanged rates ....Hides and Leather have been in better request at buoyant prices....Desirable styles of Dry Goods are saleable and quite firm, especially domestic cottons, which are less abundant, and are held with more confidence. The week's import of Dry Goods amounted to $1,164,412 against $1,487,592 the corresponding week in 1857. The imports since the 1st of January have been $15,107,553 against $33,499,644 same time in 1857. The movements in other commodities were moderate and unproductive of any remarkable alterations....We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Ordinary to extra State Flour, per bbl.	$4 15	@	$4 50
Superfine to fancy Western do. "	4 15	@	4 45
Extra Western Flour, per barrel......	4 30	@	7 00
Fancy to extra Genesee, per barrel...	4 30	@	6 75
Super to Extra Canadian, per barrel ..	4 20	@	5 50
Mixed to Extra Southern, per barrel ..	4 60	@	8 25
Fine to Superfine Rye Flour, per bbl..	3 00	@	3 75
Corn Meal, per barrel................	3 20	@	3 75
White Wheat, per bushel............	1 15	@	1 45
Red Wheat, per bushel	1 00	@	1 20
New Crop Corn, per bushel	72	@	74
Rye, per bushel	—	@	70
Barley, per bushel..................	60	@	72
Western Oats, per bushel	46	@	47
State Oats, per bushel..............	43	@	45
Jersey and Penn. Oats, per bushel....	37	@	41
Southern Oats, per bushel...........	35	@	40
Cotton, middlings, per pound.........	12¼	@	12½
Mess Pork, per barrel...............	17 50	@	17 60
Prime Pork, per barrel..............	14 25	@	14 35
Country Mess Beef, per barrel........	10 00	@	11 00
Country Prime Beef, per barrel.......	7 50	@	8 25
Prime Mess Beef, per tierce..........	20 00	@	24 00
Beef Hams, per barrel	16 50	@	18 75
Cut Meats, per pound................	6½	@	9¾
Lard, per pound.....................	10¼	@	10¾
State Butter, per pound.............	16	@	26
Western Butter, per pound	12	@	18
Cheese, per pound...................	7	@	10
Rice, per 100 pounds................	3 25	@	4 00
Rio Coffee, per pound...............	9½	@	11½
Cuba Sugar, per pound	5½	@	7½
Cuba Molasses, per gallon...........	22½	@	30
New Orleans Sugar, per pound	5¼	@	7¾
New Orleans Molasses, per gallon	34	@	36
Hyson Teas, per pound	28	@	60
Oolong Teas, per pound..............	32	@	55
Domestic Whisky, per gallon	21	@	21½
Bale Hay, per 100 pounds............	40	@	60
Hops, Crop of 1857, per pound........	5	@	8
Crude Turpentine, per 280 pounds ...	3 62½	@	—
Spirits Turpentine, per gallon	40	@	50
Common Rosin, per 310 pounds......	1 52½	@	1 55

The Live Stock Markets last Wednesday were less freely supplied with Beeves, which advanced a shade, and found ready buyers....Milch Cows were also less abundant, and held with more firmness, though the demand was not active....Veal Calves were plenty and in good request at uniform rates....Sheep and Lambs were scarce, and with a fair inquiry, prices improved .... Swine were in better supply and less active demand at reduced figures....The reported receipts of Live Stock during each of the last two weeks compare thus:

	Week ending *March* 31.	Week ending *April* 7.
Beeves......................	2,792	2,485
Milch Cows	208	181
Veal Calves..................	747	823
Sheep and Lambs	3,935	2,811
Swine	3,085	....

Of the Forty-fourth Street Market supply of Beeves last Wednesday there were received from

Illinois.............	887	Iowa................	121
Ohio................	377	Indiana.............	117
New York..........	342	Michigan	88

The range of prices according to the actual sales of Live Stock at the leading City Markets last Wednesday was as follows:

Poor to first class Beeves, per pound...	$ 8½	@	$ 11½
Common to ex. Milch Cows, per head.	25 00	@	65 00
Veal Calves, per pound	4	@	7
Sheep and Lambs, per head..........	3 50	@	10 75
" " per pound.........	10	@	13
Live Swine, per pound...............	4	@	6
Dressed " "	5	@	7½

The Country Produce Markets are less firm for the leading kinds of Produce, there being more extensive supplies available, while the demand continues moderate.

WHOLESALE PRICES OBTAINED BY PRODUCERS AT WASHINGTON MARKET.

Apples, per barrel....................	$2 75	@	$4 50
Apples, dried, per pound.............	5½	@	7
Peaches, dried, per pound	18	@	20
Plums, dried, per pound..............	18	@	20
Peanuts, per bushel	60	@	1 25
Potatoes, per barrel..................	1 62½	@	3 25
" per bushel.....................	90	@	1 00
" sweet, per barrel..............	5 00	@	5 50
Onions, per barrel	2 00	@	3 50
Turnips, per barrel...................	40	@	60
Beets, per barrel	1 50	@	—
Parsnips, per barrel	1 25	@	—
Carrots, per barrel...................	1 25	@	1 50
Leeks, per 100 bunches	3 00	@	3 50
Radishes, per 100 bunches............	4 00	@	5 00
Garlic, per 100	—	@	5 00
Eggs, Limed, per dozen................	6	@	8
Eggs, Fresh, per dozen	14	@	15
Chickens, per pound..................	11	@	14
Fowls, per pound.....................	10	@	15
Guinea Fowl, per pair................	50	@	56
Ducks, per pound	18	@	21
" per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Turkeys, per pound...................	15	@	18
Geese, per pound.....................	9	@	11
Pigeons, per dozen	2 50	@	3 00
Prairie Hens, per pair...............	75	@	90
Partridge, per pair	1 00	@	1 25
Quail, per dozen.....................	2 50	@	2 75
Roasting Pigs	1 25	@	2 50
Rabbits, each	18	@	25
Hares, each..........................	37	@	50

FINANCIAL AND COMMERCIAL.

FRANKLIN SQUARE, *Monday, April* 12, 1858.

THE foreign trade of the port for the past week compares as follows with that of the corresponding week last year:

	Imports.		Exports.
Week ending Apr. 10, 1858	$2,153,549	....	$1,207,899
Corresponding week, 1857	3,608,777	....	1,954,426
Decrease this year....	$1,455,228	....	$746,527

The export of specie during the week slightly exceeded a quarter of a million, so that the Bank statement this evening will not, in all probability, show any change in the specie line. The most important feature of the Bank movement is the increase of undrawn deposits. Last week this item amounted to the unprecedented figure of $76,021,989, and in consequence of the dullness of trade the deposits are still largely on the increase; hence, of course, a growing ease in money. Money is now left on call with the brokers at 4 @ 5 per cent., and first-class paper at short dates is being done at 5 @ 6. There are no signs whatever of a renewal of the specie export.

The downward movement in the Stock Market was checked early in the week, and a very material improvement commenced. Since Monday last the improvement in the leading speculative securities amounts to about 6 @ 8 per cent. On Friday and Saturday there were decided symptoms of a fresh inflation, and outside orders again crowded the brokers' offices. The cheapness of money, the prospect of increased traffic on the railways, and the dullness of trade, are favorable to speculative movements in stocks.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

A BOOK FOR THE SEASON.

THE GARDEN: A NEW POCKET MANUAL OF PRACTICAL HORTICULTURE. Everybody who owns or rents a garden, large or small, will find this best of all garden manuals indispensable. It gives full directions for the cultivation of

ALL THE KITCHEN VEGETABLES;
ALL KINDS OF FRUITS AND BERRIES;
ALL SORTS OF FLOWERS AND SHRUBS; AND
ALL THE BEST ORNAMENTAL TREES.

It tells all about

SOILS AND MANURES; VEGETABLE GROWTH; AND THE STRUCTURE OF PLANTS; WHAT PLANTS LIVE UPON;

and shows

HOW TO PREPARE THE GROUND;
HOW TO SOW SEEDS;
HOW TO CULTIVATE;
HOW TO GRAFT AND BUD;
HOW TO PRESERVE FRUITS AND VEGETABLES;
HOW TO DO EVERYTHING.

It is

POPULAR, RELIABLE, FULL OF INFORMATION,
PRACTICAL, COMPREHENSIVE, VERY CHEAP.

You may readily understand it, easily remember its directions, and without difficulty put them in practice. It is *multum in parvo*, and may be carried in the pocket. Adapted to all sections, and sold everywhere. Orders should be sent in at once. Price, in paper, 30 cents; in muslin, 50 cents.

The Series of four "Rural Hand-Books" to which this belongs—"The House," "The Garden," "The Farm," and "Domestic Animals" will be furnished to Subscribers ordering them all at the same time for $1. Address FOWLER AND WELLS, 308 Broadway, New York.

TO ADVERTISERS.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A MAGNIFICENTLY ILLUSTRATED PAPER,
CIRCULATING IN EVERY SECTION OF THE UNION,

Offers unusual inducements to those who desire to bring their business prominently before the community.

1. Only a limited space is devoted to Advertisements.
2. The character and diffusion of the circulation are unequaled.
3. The Paper is generally preserved for Binding.
4. The Advertising Pages are rendered attractive, and can not escape the attention of the reader.
5. None but the most respectable class of Advertisements are admitted.
6. The charges are not as large, *proportionally*, as those of any other Weekly or Daily Paper.

A Liberal Discount will be made to those wishing to Advertise for Three Months or more.

TERMS.—*Fifty Cents a Line.*

HARPER & BROTHERS.

THE NEW YORK WEEKLY, published at 22 Beekman Street by A. J. Williamson, is now publishing one of the BEST STORIES EVER PUBLISHED IN A NEWSPAPER, entitled

MAGGIE, THE CHILD OF CHARITY,
BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

The whole world is reading it.—It will have a wider circulation than any thing of the kind ever published.

☞ The NEW YORK WEEKLY is sold by all News Agents in the United States and Canada. Sent by Mail at $2 a year, or two copies for $3. Specimen copies sent free. If you have not read the story, get a copy.

EVERY MAN A MAGICIAN.

THE MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK; OR, THE WHOLE ART OF CONJURING. Being a complete Hand-Book of Parlor Magic, containing OVER ONE THOUSAND Optical, Chemical, Mechanical, Magnetical, and Magical Experiments, Amusing Transmutations, Astonishing Sleights and Subtleties, Celebrated Card Deceptions, Ingenious Tricks and Numbers, Curious and Entertaining Puzzles—together with all the Most Noted Tricks of Modern Performers. The whole ILLUSTRATED WITH OVER 500 WOOD-CUTS, and intended as a source of amusement for ONE THOUSAND AND ONE EVENINGS. 12mo, Cloth, 400 pages, gilt side and back stamp. PRICE ONE DOLLAR.

Published by DICK & FITZGERALD,
No. 18 ANN STREET, NEW YORK.

Also for sale by all Booksellers in this place.

Copies of the above book sent by mail, on receipt of $1, to any address, free of postage.

Reliable Agents wanted to canvass for "THE MAGICIAN'S OWN BOOK, and other popular works; send Cash Orders to the above address. Descriptive Catalogues of our Books mailed to any address FREE.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS *ABOUT WOMEN.*

Just Published, from the early London Sheets (by special arrangements), an entirely new work by the author of

"JOHN HALIFAX, Gentleman,"
"AGATHA'S HUSBAND," "THE OGILVIES,"
"OLIVE," &c.

A WOMAN'S THOUGHTS ABOUT WOMEN.
12mo, elegantly bound in Cloth. Price $1.

CONTENTS.

Something to Do.	Female Friendship.
Self Dependence.	Gossip.
Female Professions.	Women of the World.
Female Handicrafts.	Happy and Unhappy Women.
Female Servants.	Lost Women.
Mistress of a Family.	Women Growing Old.

"They are thoughts we would wish every woman would think."—*London Athenæum.*

Sold by all booksellers in the United States.

This book will be sent by Mail, postage paid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price—$1 00.

RUDD & CARLETON, Publishers and Booksellers,
No. 310 Broadway, New York.

E. WALKER & SONS,
114 FULTON STREET,
NEW YORK.
BOOKBINDERS.

All work executed with promptness, and in as good style, and at as low prices, as at any other establishment. Special attention given to the binding of HARPER'S MAGAZINE and WEEKLY.

GROVER & BAKER'S
CELEBRATED
FAMILY SEWING MACHINES,
495 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
18 SUMMER STREET, BOSTON,
730 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

☞ These Machines are justly admitted to be the best in the market for family sewing.

PRIVATE INSTITUTION for IMBECILES, and all that class of children, whose mental peculiarities prevent their education under the common modes of instruction.

The Institution has now been in operation ten years, and merits the attention of all persons interested in the welfare of this class of unfortunates. Address

GEO. BROWN, M.D., Superintendent, Barre, Mass.

SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES. For all manufacturing purposes SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES are deemed indispensable. The public insist upon having their clothing, &c., made by them. SINGER'S FAMILY SEWING MACHINE is the latest presented for competition, and being arranged with full knowledge of the defects of other machines for similar uses, has avoided or remedied them all. It is the handsomest Sewing Machine ever made, and the easiest to learn to operate. Using one of these machines is an elegant amusement. Price $100, with iron table complete.

I. M. SINGER & CO., No. 458 Broadway, New York.

E. F. WOODWARD'S PATENT PREMIUM COLUMBIAN SKIRT EXTENDERS possess more good qualities than any other known Skirt Spring in the World, for which the highest *Premium* was awarded by the American Institute. They impart *Health, Ease, Grace, Beauty*, are very *Compressible, Expansive* (every way) *Pliable, Durable*, and *Reliable*, and also Invaluable for little Misses' Skirts, as they prevent any inelegant displacement of their attire, and may be had at all the leading Notion and Dry Goods Houses in the City, and throughout the Union, also at the Manufactory, 196 Fulton Street, New York.

These Skirts and Extenders are on Exhibition for a short time at No. 337 Broadway.

HUNT, WEBSTER & CO'S
IMPROVED TIGHT-STITCH
SEWING MACHINES.

☞ WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO EXHIBIT this newly-invented and valuable instrument, and would respectfully solicit a call from all persons in want of a Sewing Machine whose qualities have only to be tried to be duly appreciated.

We have opened commodious rooms at 469 BROADWAY, for the sale of these Machines, and all interested are respectfully invited to examine and decide upon their merits for themselves.

HUNT, WEBSTER & CO.,
No. 469 Broadway, New York,
Cor. Essex & Lincoln Streets, Boston,
No. 820 Chestnut Street, Phila.

A BEAUTIFUL BUILDING PLOT OF GROUND FOR SALE—Situated on Newtown and Flushing Plank-Road, about 3 miles from Brooklyn, containing 1½ acres. Situation high and pleasant—commanding a view of surrounding country at great distance. Terms easy. Apply to G. B. BRINCKERHOFF, near the above, or G. E. B., at Harper & Brothers.

MYSTIC HALL SEMINARY for YOUNG LADIES, 5 miles from Boston. Calisthenics, Horseback Riding, Salt-water Bathing, &c. For Catalogue, address MRS. T. P. SMITH, Principal, Boston, Mass.

WHEELER & WILSON M'F'G CO'S
SEWING MACHINES,
OFFICE 343 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.
Agencies throughout the Union.

Send for a Circular.

We prefer them for *family use.*—*Tribune.*
They are the favorites for *families.*—*Times.*
The machine for family use.—*Advocate & Journal.*
We can not imagine any thing more perfect.—*Evang.*
Will give entire satisfaction.—*Observer.*
The best ever invented.—*Christian Inquirer.*
In looking for the best, see these.—*Examiner.*
Admirably adapted for family use.—*Chronicle.*
We praise it with enthusiasm.—*Christian Intell.*
Worthy of the highest award.—*Sabbath Recorder.*

PHELAN'S BILLIARD TABLES
AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS.
SALE-ROOM 786 and 788 BROADWAY,
MANUFACTORY 53 ANN STREET, N. Y.

POSTAGE STAMPS FOR SALE,
IN ANY QUANTITY,
AT
HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE.

VOL. I. OF HARPER'S WEEKLY,
handsomely bound in
CLOTH EXTRA,
is now ready.
Price $3 50.

USE MEDICINE IN THE SPRING.—Those who are subject to sickness are never more so than when the genial influences of spring relax the system after the bracing winter is past. Impurities in spring, if not removed, attain a high state of putrefaction. To ensure health, the body calls for a vegetable cleansing. BRANDRETH'S Vegetable Universal Pills purify and invigorate the blood, and their good effects are at once evident. Being composed entirely of innocent vegetables, they do not expose those who use them to danger. They are daily and safely administered to females, to infancy, youth, manhood, and old age. The experience of several generations has been directed to their present perfection as a general medicine. Principal Office, 294 Canal Street, Brandreth Building. Sold also at 296 Bowery and 241 Hudson Street; 113 Third Avenue; 175 Fulton Street, Brooklyn; and 124 South Sixth Street, Williamsburgh. Price 25 cents a box.

UP THE MEDITERRANEAN.

PLEASURE VOYAGE.
By Steamer "ERICSSON."
A. B. LOWBER, Commander.

The ERICSSON will leave NEW YORK on SATURDAY, May 1st, at 1 o'clock, P.M., on the above voyage, stopping at Gibraltar 1 day; Malta 2 days; Alexandria 8 days; Jaffa (for Jerusalem) 15 days; Constantinople 6 days; Athens 3 days; Naples 5 days; Marseilles 4 days. An experienced traveler will accompany the ship and make arrangements for the land travel. Those who intend to go, but have not yet paid, should take passage immediately; for, unless 100 berths be *paid for* prior to April 15, the ship will be placed on another route.

Full steamer fare for the voyage......$750
No berth secured till paid for.
For further particulars, apply to

DUNHAM & CO.,
13 William Street, New York.

BURNETT'S COCOAINE.

☞ A compound of Cocoanut Oil, &c., for dressing the Hair. For efficacy and agreeableness, it is without a rival.

It prevents the hair from falling off.
It promotes its healthy and vigorous growth.
It is not greasy or sticky.
It leaves no disagreeable odor.
It softens the hair when hard and dry.
It soothes the irritated scalp skin.
It affords the richest lustre.
It remains longest in effect.
It costs fifty cents for a half pint bottle.

A single application renders the hair (no matter how stiff and dry) soft and glossy for several days. It is conceded by all who have used it to be *the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the World.* Prepared by JOSEPH BURNETT & CO., Boston. For sale by all druggists.

KISS-ME-QUICK. Exquisite Perfume, distilled from fragrant Tulips.
E. DUPUY, Druggist and Importer, 609 Broadway.

SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—This old standard medicine, the original and genuine article, continues to be the popular remedy for purifying the blood, for the cure of scrofula and all ulcerous and eruptive diseases. At this season of the year its influence is most salutary.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, No. 100 Fulton Street, New York.

"Death to all Vermin!"
"Death to all Vermin!"
"Death to all Vermin!"
"Death to all Vermin!"

"COSTAR'S" Rat, Roach, &c., EXTERMINATOR,
"COSTAR'S" Bed-bug EXTERMINATOR,
"COSTAR'S" ELECTRIC POWDER for Ants, Insects, &c.

(The ONLY INFALLIBLE REMEDIES Known.

Sold everywhere. (Druggists and Dealers desiring terms, send for Costar's Private Circular.)

☞ On receipt of ONE DOLLAR, "COSTAR" sends to any address in the United States a sufficient quantity (Postage Paid) to destroy the vermin on any Premises.

☞ Address "COSTAR'S" PRINCIPAL DEPOT,
No. 388 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

PIESSE & LUBIN'S FRANGIPANNI. An Eternal Perfume from the Holy City. The Perfume, Soap, Sachet, Incense, Pomade. Exquisite in fragrance.

DUPUY, Chemist and Importer, 609 Broadway,
Sole Agents for the United States.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

MR. THACKERAY'S NEW NOVEL, "THE VIRGINIANS," with many humorous Illustrations by the Author, was commenced in the DECEMBER Number of HARPER'S MAGAZINE. It is printed from early sheets—received from the Author in advance of publication in England—for which the Publishers pay Mr. Thackeray the sum of Two Thousand Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,
A FIRST-CLASS ILLUSTRATED PAPER.
THE BEST AND CHEAPEST
FAMILY NEWSPAPER IN THE WORLD.

FIVE CENTS A NUMBER; $2 50 A YEAR.

BULWER'S BRILLIANT ROMANCE, entitled "WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?" pronounced to be the masterpiece of this polished, witty, and learned novelist, by special arrangement with the Author, appears in HARPER'S WEEKLY simultaneously with its publication in England.

TERMS OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

One Copy for One Year	$3 00
Two Copies for One Year	5 00
Three or more Copies for One Year (each)	2 00

And an Extra Copy, gratis, for every Club of TEN SUBSCRIBERS.

TERMS OF HARPER'S WEEKLY.

One Copy for Twenty Weeks	$1 00
One Copy for One Year	2 50
One Copy for Two Years	4 00
Five Copies for One Year	9 00
Twelve Copies for One Year	20 00
Twenty-five Copies for One Year . . .	40 00

An Extra Copy will be allowed for every Club of TWELVE *or* TWENTY-FIVE SUBSCRIBERS.

Volume I. of "HARPER'S WEEKLY," handsomely bound in Cloth extra, Price $3 50, is now ready.

Muslin Covers are furnished to those who wish their Numbers bound, at Fifty Cents each. TWENTY-FIVE PER CENT. DISCOUNT allowed to Bookbinders and the Trade.

"HARPER'S MAGAZINE" and "HARPER'S WEEKLY," when taken together, are supplied at FOUR DOLLARS a year.

Numbers from the commencement of both the MAGAZINE and WEEKLY can still be supplied. Specimen copies furnished gatuitously. Clergymen and Teachers supplied at the lowest Club rates.

The Postage upon "HARPER'S MAGAZINE" and "HARPER'S WEEKLY" must be paid at the Office *where they are received.* When prepaid quarterly in advance, the Postage is *Thirty-six Cents a year* on the MAGAZINE, and *Twenty-six Cents a year* on the WEEKLY.

Persons residing in the British Provinces will remit, in addition to their Subscription, *Thirty-six Cents* on the MAGAZINE, and *Twenty-six Cents* on the WEEKLY, for the American postage.

*** Persons living in the City of New York wishing "Harper's Weekly" left at their houses, will please send their names and residences, with the subscription money, to the Office of Publication.

HARPER & BROTHERS, PUBLISHERS,
Franklin Square, New York.